

THE HAPPY SLAVE

A
NOVEL,

written by Mary Bromond
Translated from the French.

By a Person of Quality.

805.143.A12



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Magnes, and R.
Bensly, near the Piazza's in Russel-
street in Coven-Garden. 1677.

THE
HAPPY SLAVE
A
NOVEL
Licensed Aug. 14th.

1676. R. L'ESTRANGE.



Printed for A. Millar, at the
Sign of the Sun in Pall-mall.
In the Strand, near the Theatre.

To the Right Honourable
THOMAS Earl of **OSSORT**,
Baron of **MOORPARK**,
One of the Lords of His
Majesties Most Honourable
Privy Council, Knight of
the Noble Order of the Garter,
&c.

My Lord,

Nothing was wanting
to compleat the
happiness of this fortunate
Slave, but to fall into the
hands of so generous a
Patron as your Lordship.
And I who had undertaken

A 2 to

The Epistle.

to furnish him, was willing to find him one so qualified, that he might have reason to be well pleased with my choice. To whom then could I with more reason address my self for making this present, then to a Lord, who by excellent qualities, as well as Emminent birth, every day gains Slaves, and Creatures to himself. To satisfy any of the truth of what I say, they need not make a particular inquiry, or hearken after the publick attestations

Dedictory.

attestations of this Kingdom. The fame of your glory extends beyond *England*; there is not in *Europe* a Court, where it hath not arrived; to gain you the heart and admiration of the best. But, my Lord, to know your merit more perfectly, we need only consider the particular esteem alwayes had for you by the greatest and most discerning Monarque in the World; the choice he hath made of your person for the greatest employment

The Epistle.

ployments of war, and the
most important negotiations
of peace; the weight
and stress he laies on your
advice, and the confidence
wherewith he relies on the
clearness of your judge-
ment, and greatness of your
Capacity in his council,
How faire a field, my Lord
are your praises to enlarge
on, were my faculties pro-
portionable to my subject,
or my offerings of value
answerable to the dignity
of the person they are made
to,

Dedicator.

to, but the enterprize is too vast and too difficult for such an Author as I; and your glory stands so sure in that universall esteem the whole World hath for you, that it hath no need of new elogies or paneggrickes. It becomes me better to study your pleasure: the Happy Slave hath an impatient desire to entertain your leasure hours with the relation of his adventures: And if he prove so happy, as not to displease you, I shal

The Epistle

esteem it the highest piece
of good fortune he hath
met with in his life: at least
I believe he cannot desire
any thing with greater pas-
sion, unless it be, that he
who hath taken the Liberty
to present him to you, may
with all due respect sub-
scribe himself.

My Lord,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient
Servant.*

S. Bremond.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THe Book I publish
scarcely deserves an
Advertisement. But that I
give you, is not to bespeak
the Critics in my favour.
I cannot believe, any person
of wit will exercise his facul-
ty on a trifle, which perhaps
I have spent less time to com-
pose, then he must to censure.
But 'tis because some persons
having small kindness for an
Author, have been pleased
heretofore

heretofore to comment on my
tables, to make stories of my
stories, and to stretch my fan-
cy to conjectures which never
came into my head: It were
easy for me to justify my self
in this particular, if it were
desired, but I conceive my
manner of proceeding hath
sufficiently done it, to dedicate
it to one of the principal Lords
of the Kingdom a Book, such
as they make my former, by
their strange interpretations
to be, and to put my name
to it, was it not the way to
gain

gain my self Enemies, and
utterly ruin me? I have com-
mitted faults in my time, but
never of this nature. There-
fore I declare to the publique,
and especially to those who
busi themselves in penetrating
into others mens intentions,
that under the literal sense of
my tales there is not hidd any
allegorical meaning that when
I speak of the Turks and of
Africk I have not any Ideas in
Europe or any other Nation,
and that they will make me
think quite otherwise. When I
think,

think, if they make me speak
any otherwise then I speak, if
the Intrigues or adventures I
write of, have some conformi-
ty to those of our times, I am
for not to answer it. 'Tis the
fault of chance and not mine.
There are so many in Love,
that though Love takes infinit
wayes they can hardly avoid
meeting sometimes: were
writers confined to entertain
you only with things rare and
extraordinary, they would
be soon drawn dry, and all
their stories quickly exhaust'd
the

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be
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it
d
The Reader is intreated to do
me justice herein, and not pay
me with ingratitude for the
presents I make him of my
toyes: this shall be followed
by a second part, where the
history of Laura who shall
bear the principal part in it,
shall be matter of Gallan-
try and farr exceed this of
the Sultaneſs.

Books Printed and Sold by
James Magnes, and Ri-
chard Bentley, in Russell-
Street, near the Piazza's.

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ther, *Fol.*

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Nostradamus Prophecies, Fol.

House of Mourning, Fol.

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The *Happy Slave* a Novel, from
the French, by a Person of
Quality.

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Press.

Essays Moral in the Press.

Coven-



THE
HAPPY SLAVE,
A Novel.



FRICK, for some
ages, hath past for a
part of the World,
where the People
were no less Cruel
and Savage than the
Lyons and Tygres that fill the De-
sarts of that Countrey : But since
the discovery of Love there, it
hath appear'd, that as Love grows
in all Countreys; so *Barbary* it
self hath nothing of Barbarous but
the Name. To verifie this, I shall
entertain you with a piece of Gal-
lantry acted there, which may ju-
stifie what I affirm.

The

B

Count

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Count *ALEXANDER*, a young Roman Lord, very considerable for Estate, (but more for birth and parts,) had scarce appear'd to act his part on the great Theatre of the world, but he found himself press'd by his Relations to Marry: He was handsom, high spirited, and witty, as those of old *Rome*, but addicted to pleasure, as those of the New; humourfom, and wholly given up to the pursuit of his fancy and inclinations. As for Marriage, (upon the good advice he had received not to engage, but as late as he could,) he usually said, *What a pitiful Wretch a Wife is?* witness the greatest part of those Gentlemen dignified with the illustrious title of Husbands; Especially now adays, when Men seem to have Wives only for this, That others may make use of them.

Count

B

These

The Happy Slave. 3

* These consequences he drew, as well from Experience as Example; for being young, handsome, and rich; He was sufficiently qualified not to fail of good fortune, with a Sex (in our age) very kind and susceptible, and had not wanted his divertisements of that nature; And therefore he had small inclination by taking a Wife, to give others the opportunity to pay him in his own Coin.

In the mean time the Interests of the Family (which often prove poison to the greatest pleasures of life,) obliging the most excellent persons to ordinary Actions: The young Roman, to deliver himself from the importunity of Relations, chose rather to quit the pleasures of *ROME*, by travelling abroad, than to make himself subject to a Law so contrary to his humour, and that beloved Liber-

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Liberty he preferred before all things: He communicated his design to his *Valett de Chambre*, who had served him long, and being active and ingenious, quickly took order to have all things in readiness that were necessary for their purpose.

The Spring was come, and the weather seasonable for Travail, when on a fair day the young Gentleman and his Servant privately left *Rome*, and Imbarqued at *Civita Vecchia* in a *Feluca* hired for the purpose. His design was to visit the best Courts of *Europe*, beginning with that of *Spain*. But there are persons over whom Fortune is so rigorously imperious, that she seems jealous of any thing they undertake, without consulting her first. 'Twas she who provided Count *Alexander* a Voyage into *Africk*, when he had designed

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signed to confine his Travels to *Europe* : Of the Towns he was to see, *Tunis* was marked out by Fortune for one ; And though much out of his Road, yet where Fortune intermeddles, there alwayes happens something extraordinary; her Excesses and Extravagancies being that which chiefly makes us take notice of her.

The fourth day after he had left *Civita Vecchia*, this young Lord began to perceive, that though all the Elements are terrible at Sea, yet Men who are Enemies are more terrible than the Elements. Till then the weather had been fair to extremity, not a puff of contrary wind : He proceeded in his Voyage with what speed he could wish, and blessed himself at the happiness of the weather.

The Coast of *Italy* is dangerous, especially in Summer, being then
B 3 subject

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subject to In-roads by people of the South, whose livelihood is Robbery; And when the weather is fair, their Trade is so great, that whosoever is not upon his Guard, is happy if he scape them. I mean the Corsayres of *Barbary*. Count *Alexander*, who never thought he had left *Rome*, to be led in triumph to *Tunis*, saw himself at break of day saluted by a *Brigandine* of that Nation: the poor Seamen presently took alarm, the sight of one Turban was sufficient to affright them: And the Turks had scarce discharged three or four Musquets at the Christians, but they leapt into the Sea to save themselves by swimming; the Italian Count and his Servant staid in the Vessel, not in hopes of being able to defend themselves against that number of Enemies, which the strength of *Rolando*,
and

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and the enchanted Armour of *Amadis* could scarcely have done, (whereas now a man is but a man, and among other secrets that of enchanting Arms is lost.) But having no skill in swimming, he could not expect to escape as the Mariners; Yet he was not so out of love with his life, but that he held it better to be a Slave than be drowned. But that those barbarous Corsayres might see what a person they dealt with, and that he might sell his Liberty as dear as possible; having commanded his Servant to throw his Baggage over-board, he gave him order what further to do. I will omit the Description of the Action, though reputed the most glorious ever done on the *Mediterranean*, being a combate of Two against Thirty; whereof they laid six dead on the Deck, and many more

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wounded. 'Twas an engagement of a Herd of Wolves against Two young Lyons, who defended themselves with unparallel'd Valour and Courage. 'Tis true, the Turks, (not to loose the Money they did expect from their ransom) spared them at first, using cudgels only against them; but at Length the Blood and death of their comrades, and the shame and disdain they had of so long and obstinate defence made by 2 rash Christians against them, being so many, having filled them with rage, They had recourse to their Cymiters. And with so much advantage, that having killed the *Valet*, the young Count, (after severall wounds received, his strength not his courage having failed him in so tedious a fight,) was forced to yield being no longer able to lift up his arm to make use of his sword. The

Co-

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Cowardly villains had scarce the
Courage to board him, and durst
not approach him till they saw him
fall'n flat on his back. They took
him, and carryed him on board
their *Brigandin*, where they gave
him all the help in their power for
saving his life, having no other
mark of their victory, but the ta-
king one valiant person, who had
cost them too dear to be proud
of their prize: they beheld him
with admiration, and could not
comprehend, how an age so tender
could be capable of so much cou-
rage, and that in a body appearing
so delicate, there was strength
enough, lodged to perform the
actions they had seen. And being
naturally superstitious, they did
really believe, there was some-
thing supernatural in the young
mans person, or at least, that he
was the flower of Christendom,

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this conceit helped them to bear with more patience the shame of their victory. And finding their men thin, and having taken before, some Considerable prizes, they resolved to return directly for *Tunis*.

The weather was favourable, and in few days sail they arrived at *Gouletta*, where going ashore they put the poor Count on horseback, bound and pinnion'd like a robber, and brought him to the Town; some of these *Barbarians* having got the start of the rest, spread such a report of his valour and Courage, that they drew together not the ordinary people only, (who are curious of small matters) but the principal persons of *Tunis*, and the *Bassa* himself, who accompanied with many of his friends, came walking towards the ruins of *Carthage*, to see the arrivall

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arrivall of this famous Christian whom they imagined a man that carried terrour in his looks : but how were they surpriz'd to see a youth, pale and disfigured, yet keeping with his good mien the marks of Grandeur in his Countenance. He was pittied by all, And the *Bassa* being a gallant and generous person, was presently seized with such indignation against the villains, who used in that manner one so little deserving it, that he Commanded them forthwith on pain of his displeasure to unbinde him upon the place: which they instantly did, not daring to disobey him, who next the *Dey* was of greatest Authority and power in the Kingdom : He asked them the price of their Slave, and, having Commanded him to be Conducted to his Palace, paid the Corsayers five hundred Patavins
COONS

coons, being the Money they demanded.

Count *Alexander* having happily fallen into the hands of so good and generous a Patron, began to recover. He was Lodged in a handfom apartment, where the *Bassa's* Chyrurgions searched his wounds. And being more carefully lookt to then on board the *Brigandin*, he soon found himself better, though weak, and sore bruised by what he had suffer'd at Sea from the hands of these Barbarians, who having no pittty for any had not been too careful of him, yet there was no Danger of his life, the Fever he had was not Great, and they had hopes to see him well in few dayes. The *Bassa* visited him Morning and Evening, and by degrees his care and kindness grew to that height, that he came more frequently to see him,
and

and not only took more particular notice of him, but increased daily the esteem and friendship he had for him.

Before I proceed, it may not be amiss to satisfy the Curiosity of the Reader in Giving him an account of the person; the birth and Character of the *Bassa Mahomet* *Bassa* by the Father of *Sidy Marat*, and *Mahomet Lapsy* the new Beys, was the Son of a Renegado of *Corfica*, of the Family of *Petro-santy*, who by the handsomness of his Person, and Excellency of his wit, having gained the good opinion of the *Dey* or King of the Country, made so good use of the favor of his Prince, that he advanced him to the highest office of the Kingdom, whereof he left his Son *Mahomet* his Heir; But to shorten the story, *Mahomet* the younger being deeply embroyled with the *Dey*,

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Dey and the *Divan*, (who jealous of the Authority his Father had gain'd, would have divided the Offices of *Bassa* and *Bey*) went to the Port, and returned victorious: *Tunis* never flourish'd as under him, being as fit for arms as gallantry, of a great spirit, and excellent wit, the most brave, the most Generous and magnificent of Men: he loved the Christians, and did them justice, and entertained a Commerce of Civility with many Princes of *Europe*. He sent and receiv'd Presents every year to and from the great Duke of *Tuskany*, in a word, no Lord of that Country ever carried himself better, and had more merit and reputation than He: some Resemblance of this splendor may be yet seen in the person of *Mahomet I. apsy*, his Son; he had inclinations worthy a great Lord, as he was, and the soul of a man.

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man truly generous, and of Eminent virtue.

The *Bassa* was charm'd with admiration at the wit of the Count, extremely pleased with his conversation, and sometimes past three or four hours in familiar discourse, sitting on his bed. He was chiefly surprized to find his apprehension so clear, and knowledge so general, that what subject soever he chose to discourse of he spoke of to admiration. This made the *Bassa* speak of him to his friends with so tender affection, and so much to his praise, that he gain'd him the esteem and amity of all the principal Lords of the Kingdom, who came to see him, and made him presents according to the custom of the Country.

The *Bassa*, by many illustrious marks & clear discoveries, was induced to believe the Count a Person

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son of no ordinary quality, but did not think fit to question him on that point. And had no further Knowledge of him, then that he was an *Italian*. Nor durst the Count acquaint him with his condition, fearing, the knowledg of it might make his Enlargement the more difficult: But after so many favors from the *Bassa*, he could not in gratitude conceal himself from a Person who had obliged him so highly, and to whom he did owe more then his life. Therefore being askt by the *Bassa*, whether his Parents were living, and why he writ not to them: Sir, (said he,) I should be the basest of Men, should I ever forget the Obligations you have put upon me, nor could I be guilty of a greater dishonesty, then to be prevaild upon by fear, or any other consideration, not to pay you what I owe you: I confess, (and I hope

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hope you will pardon me,) that I scrupled to make a full discovery of my self to you, for fear my Captivity might be the harder, my Bondage more severe, and my Liberty valued at a higher rate: But having found You so Generous, I cannot, after the favours you have heaped upon me, the Rights you have over your Slaves, by forbearing to tell you, I am a Person of Quality, of one of the best Families of Rome; that my name is Count Alexander, and that if ever you restore me to my Liberty, I must pay you my ransom with most grateful acknowledgements of your kindness and favours.

The Bassi smil'd, and with much tenderness answer'd; Alexander, you shall not fare the worse for your discovery to me; I am no Merchant of Slaves, nor did I buy you to sell you again: You are free, and shall live with me in this Country as if you were

were in your own, with one of your friends : And if I detain you here a little longer than perhaps you would wish, it is because I can hardly part with one for whom I have so high an esteem, and so cordial affection. To these he added other expressions of kindness, which were joyfully received by the Count, and dispelled all his grief for the loss of his Liberty.

As soon as he had recovered his strength, the *Bassa* made him partake of his pleasures and divertisements, in Hunting, Walking, Horse-race ; in all which the Count appeared Eminent above others, and became more famous then ever any Christian was in those parts ; every considerable person was ambitious to visit him, and took pleasure to see, and to treat him, which is a special favour to those of their Country, much more

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more to one who profess a Religion, to which they are open irreconcilable enemies. Hence you may observe the power of merit, and how irresistible are influences of a fortunate destiny. The esteem the *Bassa* express'd publickly for him, contributed much to all these advantages; but you are to consider his Person, and the sweetness of his Temper, and Candor of his actions as the effectual means for gaining him Amity, and that which won him the Love of the most excellent Persons.

But notwithstanding his illustrious acquaintance, and agreeable divertisements, the Honours and favours he daily received he could not forbear wishing with sighs for a return into *Europe*. He lived as one free, but was really a Slave to the affection of the *Bassa*, from which he thought his deliverance
more

more difficult, then from Fetters and Chains. His wit and inclinations were not for the men of that Country; he loathed, and was weary of them: The *Turks* have a good sense, and will reason well enough of affairs of the World, and are great and subtile Polititians; but for wit and good breeding they know not what 'tis; their Conversation is barren, and consists more in the smoak of Tobacco than excellent Discourse; Their Knowledge is small, having ordinarily no advantage of Reading or Travail. The *Bassa* alone had more Wit, and more Reason then the rest altogether; But his Imployment in the State engaging him in a thousand indispensable affairs, would not allow him to be always with *Alexander*, who in the mean time past his melancholly hours in the Garden of the *Seraglio*.

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lio, where he had the priviledge to walk, being a retired and very pleasant place, and that wherein he took great delight. But alas, how different were these days from those at *Rome*! the *Italians* are naturally apt to be Melancholly, and this solitude made the Count so: the *Bassa*, who lov'd him sincerely, and passionately wished to have him always in good humor, was troubled to find him sad and dejected; but having often inquired the cause, could not obtain farther satisfaction, then that it was an effect of his temper: he had furnished him to excess with all that Country could afford for the pleasures of life, and could not imagine the cause of the grief; but fancied at last that to compleat his divertisements, *Alexander* might want the conversation of a Woman. The *Bassa* being a person
much

much given to Gallantry, was the more easily inclined to believe he had found the true cause of his Melancholly. And looked upon it as no incurable disease, but presently resolved to find out a Remedy, by furnishing him with a Mistress, which was a high strain of complaisance in a person of his character; but there were no lymits to the love he had for his *Alexander*.

The Law of *Mahomet* is very severe in this point against persons of another Religion, though very indulgent to those of his own. Those who fall into the hands of the *Turks*, and will make love to their women, are under the necessity of changing their Religion, or Burning: these extremities are hard, yet of the many Christians reduced to those straits, I know not one who hath thought

Martyr-

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Martrydom so charming, as not to prefer Circumcision before Burning; the *Bassa*, though no zealous observer of the Law, was willing however to avoid the scandal that might follow if the Intrigue were discovered, and therefore design'd to marry him to a Christian. There was with the *Sultaneſs* his wife, an *Italian Slave*, a young maid of good quality, lovely and witty: it was not long since the *Bassa* had been in love with her, but without any ſucceſs: whether it proceeded from the reſpect ſhe bore to the *Sultaneſs* her Miſtreſs, who loved her intirely, or from ſcruple of conſcience in point of Religion, with which ſhe excuſed her ſelf; certain it is, his addreſſes were vain, and after three Months eager purſuit of his deſign, being not accuſtom'd to ſo much reſiſtance, he quitted her, and caſt
his

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his eyes on other less difficult conquests : he hoped that one Christian with another might have better success, and that *Alexander* being very lovely, and young, needed only to shew himself for gaining the love of a Maid of his Country professing the same Religion with him, he endeavor'd to dispose her for the purpose, by raising in her an esteem for the Gallant he provided her, he had often spoken of him in the Chamber of the *Sultaneſs* ; where *Laura*, the Slave we are discoursing of, did constantly attend.

And having formed the design, he seldom entertained them with any thing else, but *Alexander did this*, or *Alexander said that* ; of which he gave them so pleasant descriptions, that he could not fail of making some impressions of love for him in a woman, though never so little susceptible. The

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The Count knew nothing of all these good offices; the *Bassa* smiling sometimes at his sadness, would tell him, he should shortly see him in a different humor. One having disposed all things on *Laura's* side, (who had told him, she would not be displeas'd to see this Christian) he took him into the Garden of the *Serrallio* to walk, and after a turn or two, asked him if he had ever been in love. The question did very much surprize him, apprehending, that being among a people naturally suspicious, the *Bassa* might perhaps have had some Jealousy of him, though he could not imagine the cause. But to disabuse him, he held it necessary to affect great indifference in the business of women, and (the truth is) to that day he had not been in love. And though it

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were ill courtship to the *Bassa*, who was an admirer of women, to tell him he had never been in Love; yet he chose rather to commit a solacism in courtship, then to give him the least cause of suspicion. The *Bassa* advised him to have a care of himself, least Love should one day be revenged of him, and told him, he despaired not of seeing him a Lover in *Barbary*: you are said he, *handsom and witty, and there are here, as in Europe dangerous Ladies, who perhaps many have designs on your liberty: and you are not yet got out of Tunis: this discourse unexpected, and spoken with such an Aire, it so troubled the Count he knew not what answer to make. The Bassa much pleased at the disorder he had put him to; What said he, doth Love appear so terrible to you, that you dare*

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dare not encounter it? can a Man of your bravery be affraid of a passion? Recollect your self, and think it not so dreadful here as in Italy: you arm your Cupid with weapons of War, we dress ours with flowers; nothing is less cruel then love among the Turks: our Women are kind, and good natured, and never are the cause of any mans death by coyness and disdain, the sole difficulty is in getting a sight of them; gain but that point, and nothing can be more easy then the rest: your Ladies are scrupulous, and shie of shewing favour to their Lovers, and ours make a conscience of seeing theirs Languish: it is not so odious to be fond and coming with you, as 'tis to be cruel and insensible here. We follow in the first place the Law of nature, preferring it to Mahomets, as being Men before we are Mussul-

C 2

mans.

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mans. We hold our selves obliged to pay kind regard and affectionate tenderness to Female Beauty, and expect from it a return of complacency. And those who approve not these Maxims, we esteem unworthy to taste the pleasures of Love. I know that in Europe you use this Passion an extraordinary way, making that Martyrdom which should be a delight: but I would fain know, what the design of that Woman can be, who sees a man every day on his knees at her feet, sighing for that which she also desires, and is may be, more passionately. Why then must he be tormented? why so many sighs, why so many tears expected from him, when the passion of both sexes is equal, if that of the Female may not pass for the greater.

The Count having in this time recollected himself, answered; I believe

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I believe, Sir, that in Love as in other matters every one may have his particular fancy, and different Maxims for conduct: but if I, who was never in Love, may be allow'd to deliver my opinion of it, I conceive that Men born under a Law, are insensibly disposed to bear it with ease. And I dare confidently affirm, there is more sweetness, and charming delight in the torments we endure in our way of Loving, then in those easy pleasures that cost you nothing, think not, Sir those torments so cruel as our Lovers represent them; they aggravate them only to affect their Mistresses the more, and to make them more sensible. It would certainly surprize you to hear them cry, Increase, O love, Increase so sweet a pain: their sufferings are pleasures; The Bassa was so charmed with hearing him speak,

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that he would not interrupt him, so that he proceeded, *what satisfaction can you find in a Love that is fulsom and dull, without any pique to make it poyuant, and season it for relish? what divertisement to be expected from an innocent Cupid, a child without wit, without waggery, that permits you to do in all things as you please?* the Bassa could not forbear laughing, and told him, that to make him believe that Love the most charming, that made him suffer most; he must make it appear by triall in himself by being in Love, enduring with pleasure all the torments he spoke of: Sir said *Alexander, I was never in love in my Country, where you know we have freedom of living, and Liberty of converse with the Female Sex; it is not probable then I shall fall in love here, where we are not allow'd*

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allow'd so much as a sight of them; means may be found, replied the Bassa to satisfy you in that particular if you desire it. I do not conceive it for my advantage, said the Count, to thrust my self into the fire to try the experiment, or to change my Religion. No, no, said the Bassa, it is with a Christian I would have you acquainted, and one in my judgment very beautiful, and not unworthy your sighs: had I been of your mind, and like the (Lovers of your Country) taken pleasure in being vext and tormented my business might have been done. She made me pine for her above three Months, till weary of a Mistress that had so little sense of my pain, I betook my self to others that were more of my humour; her beauty and wit will, certainly charm you, and you may find her as haughty, as fierce, as cruels

32 The Happy Slave.

you can wish : it may be difficult to have a sight of her, as being with the Sultaneſs, who, ſince ſhe knew the inclinations I had for her, would never permit her to ſtep out of her apartment : but I'll bring you thither diſguiſed as an Eunuch : there is no other way of entrance for you into the Serrallio : and you are ſo young that by night you may paſs for an Eunuch without any ſuſpition. The Count gave him a thouſand thanks for the favor, not but that he could have been very well content to have been without it, having no great deſire to engage himſelf in acquaintance in a Countrey where he would tarry as ſhort time as he could ; yet in compaiſance to the *Paſſa*, and of Curioſity to ſee a Slave the *Baſſa* repreſented ſo beautiful, he accepted this offer with ſome kind of joy.

The

The Happy Slave. 33

The fourth prayer being over, he came to his Patron, being the time he usually went to the *Serrallio*: and having taken the habit of an *Eunuch* provided for him there, he waited on the *Bassa* to the apartment of the *Sultaneſs*; *Laura*, who had notice of their coming, waited their entrance: the *Bassa* came ſmiling up to her, and whiſpered her in the ear, that he had brought her an *Eunuch*, who could tell her news out of *Italy*, pray'd her to have a care of him, and to uſe him as a perſon he lov'd intirely. *Laura* ſe'l a laughing, & answer'd, ſhe doubted not but the *Eunuch* ſhould give him a good accompt of his reception. The Count though diſguiſed, was ſo eaſy to be known, that, had the *Baſſa* ſaid nothing, his good *Mene* had diſcovered him: no *Eunuch*,
no

34 *The Happy Slave.*

no *Turk* had so good an air : she gave him her hand to lead her into a Chamber, where they should not be exposed to their view who pass by. *Sir*, said she, I know not what thanks to give the *Bassa* for the favour he hath done me to afford me a sight of you, no man being allow'd entrance here but himself, and the *Eunuch* whose habit he hath caused you to take. I cannot impute it to any thing but the extraordinary affection he hath and daily declares for you. 'Tis true *Madam*, answered the Count, the kindness of the *Bassa* to me extreme But either of us have reason to be concerned how to thank him, (as he very well deserves) 'tis certainly I, for the favour he hath procur'd me, yet I could wish I were not wholly beholding to him for it. But that. (as he would have me believe) you had a hand in it. *Sir*, replied
Laura

The Happy Slave. 35

Laura, I shall tell you no lye, I have made it sufficiently known to you, I desir'd this favour from him. He told us things so Glorious of you, and related them so much to your advantage, you may easily believe, I (who, for three years I have been here, have not had the Liberty of converse with any man) could not desire acquaintance of a person so Generally esteemed. Madam, said he, this Country hath been favorable in allowing me a reputation, which perhaps I may find difficult to maintain in your opinion. You need not fear that, reply'd Laura, your miene confirms sufficiently the reports that have past of you. But to change the discourse, do you know, said she, smiling, that sometimes 'tis dangerous in a Nation like this, to make your self so much the subject of discourse; if not on the mens account, yet certainly on
the.

36 *The Happy Slave.*

the Womens, who fall in love meerly on report without a sight or knowledge of the party : the Count answered smiling, Madam, there is no danger of your being of the number of those kind-hearted Ladies, I am not so fortunate. And why, said she, might not I be one, who have so long'd for a sight of you: but to loose no more time, I must tell you, your fortune is better then you think : and I do that for another, which perhaps I would not have done for my self. The desire of seeing a Man is here reputed a mighty advancement of love ; where to see and to agree are all one. But have undertaken this affair , and made the Bassa believe I have very favourable thoughts of you. And to satisfy your Curiosity of knowing the party for whom I have so much complaisance in store, it is for the Bassas, Lady Madam Alhie the Sultaneess :

The Happy Slave. 37

Sultaneſs : the confidence ſhe is pleaſed to reſoſe in me is ſo great, that ſhe hath intruſted me with this ſecret, and my kindneſs for her ſhould not admit one moments ſcruple doing her this ſervice. I cannot doubt, but you have heard of her beauty. Never was any ſo famous in this Kingdom ; nor perhaps in the World, more worthy admiration, and as for her temper, 'tis the ſweeteſt and moſt lovely that can be imagin'd. The firſt view you have of her, will perſwade you. ſhe hath an inclination to love, ſo tender, ſo languiſhing is the air of her countenance. And though this be natural to the Women of this Country, and that the firſt thing they are taught, is to ſigh, and appear languiſhing, yet I have not obſerved thoſe weakneſſes in her but on your account : to deduce things from the original, I muſt inform you, that
when.

38 The Happy Slave.

when the, Bassa returned from Constantinople, having dispatched the affair depending there between him, and the King, and Divan of this place, and being confirmed by the grand Seigneur in the offices his Father had left him, which they had disputed; the King in order to Reconciliation, was advised to give the Bassa his daughter in marriage. Alhie was then sixteen years old, and her beauty at the height; though at this day in my judgement, no man that sees her, but must be in love with her. These marriages of policy and state-interest to which the daughters of great ones are subject to be sacrificed, seldom prove happy. The Bassa espoused Alhie, and perhaps loved her a week, but after that returned to his former engagements, and for ordinary beauties quitted the greatest of the Kingdom. 'Tis true it, often happens

The Happy Slave 39

happens thus in this Country, where men abhor loving by duty and obligation, and commonly love Mistresses better then Wives: but this Lady, in my opinion, ought to have been excepted as wanting nothing requisit to satisfy the passion of any reasonable man; but she is as unfortunate as others: the Bassa, though otherwise a person of much Gallantry, visits her scarce once in a Month: yet he payes her all the respect in the World, and she hath no cause of complaint but of his love; but take love from marriage, what signifies the rest? what a trouble it is to a young Lady who knowes her own merit, to see her self slighted in that whereof she is most sensible. A Lady who would think her self happy in being belov'd; and thinks she deserves it; you must be a Woman before you can comprehend the rigor of this usage,
and

40 The Happy Slave.

and the greatness of her misfortune. But to come to what concerns you; the Sultaneſs hath ever had a great inclination for Chriſtians: and the greateſt pleaſure ſhe takes, is, in ſtories ſhe makes me tell of my Country, which ſurprize her ſo (eſpecially when I ſpeak of the freedom men have there with Women) that ſhe hath a thouſand times wiſhed her fortune had been as mine, and that ſhe had fallen into the hands of a Chriſtian, who would have carried her into that Country. 'Tis certain, a Woman were better be a Slave with us, then free among the Turks, where their life is nothing but a perpetual Slavery. The adventures of love and Gallantry have pleaſed her ſo well in the relation, that ſhe longs for a ſight of one of thoſe I called perſons of Quality and Merit, who were ſo Gallant, and Handſom,

The Happy Slave. 41

as I represented: you were no sooner arrived, but she came with great joy to tell me, the Bassa had newly bought a Christian of whom they spoke wonders. I fell a laughing, and askt if it were not such a one she had often wisht for her Slave. She blush'd, and turning about with a sigh, answered, who knows what may happen, and whether fortune hath not designed him for me. She made me her bedfellow that night, to entertain her on that subject. On the morrow the Bassa having confirmed the reports of you, and commended your person, she and I for several dayes had no discourse but of you. The kindness she hath for me, makes me somewhat familiar with her; nor do we very strictly observe here our distance towards great ones; this made me sometimes take the Liberty to quarrel with her for the longing she exprest for

42 *The Happy Slave.*

for a Man she had not seen. I confess, said she, this were falling in love a little too soon, if we managed our love as the Christians do theirs. But the Bassa having made such a description of this Man, there is not a Woman in the Kingdom who would not have had a greater passion for him than I have exprest. And you may believe he would not have spoken so much in this praise, before the meanest of his impresses, but though he slight me so, that he cares not what I think, my affections are free. You would esteem your self happy, Madam, said I, to have such a Christian in love with you. More happy, reply'd she, then you can imagine. And I will assure you, I could willingly change the state I am in, for the condition of a private Christian Lady: what good does it me, to abound thus with riches, to receive so
much

The Happy Slave. 43

much honour, to be the daughter of a King, and the Wife of a Bassa, if I cannot be content, nor do as I would, nor love where love is due; in a word, if I am nothing less than I am taken to be, but a Slave more unhappy than those under Chaines: Poor Laura, (said she imbracing me tenderly,) how I pity thee who hast tasted the pleasures and Liberty of thy Country, and hast unhappily fallen into their hands whose so unworthily all sorts of Women.

With such discourses as these, did we entertain our selves ever since they spoke of you at Tunis. The Bassa came oftner to visit the Sultaneffe, though we knew not the reason; and almost every day brought us the newes of you. And, as he loves you interily, took pleasure in relating every thing you did. Perhaps, had he known
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44 *The Hippy Slave.*

the favorable inclinations the Sultaneſs had for you, he had been more ſparing in his expreſſions of you, for I cannot believe he deſigned to prejudice himſelf in ſpeaking obligingly of you. But it was an overſight, and moſt impardonable in him who ſo well knew the temper of Women of this Country: Judge you whether ſo good a report from ſo good a hand could want its effect. The Sultaneſs was affected with them ſo much to the purpoſe, that what at firſt was a bare inclination, grew up by degrees to a ſettled paſſion. Her humour was ſuddenly chang'd from Merry and Jocund, into Sadneſs and Melancholly; and I who alone knew her diſtemper, could not but pity her ſighs and complaints, and was extremely affraid, ſhe might fall into a diſeaſe, which they call Fantafie, and is a kind of Melancholly that proves mortall to many
Men

The Happy Slave. 45

Men and Women of this Country. I did my endeavor to cure her of this passion, by representing to her all the obstacles in her way to the happiness she desired. But my remedies came too late, I did but trouble her to no purpose, having said to her self all that I could possibly say to divert her from the affection she had taken: so that despairing of remedy on that side, I apply'd my thoughts another way, and flattered her hopes of bringing that to pass, which I could not discover the least possibility to effect. But to prevent the growth and increase of her distemper, it was necessary to deceive her by flatteries, and hopes. At last I know not how it fell out, that the Bassa having spoken of you to me, two dayes ago, as he frequently does when he finds me alone, I told him I should be very glad to see you, if it might be done without noyse and scandall: I
was

46 *The Happy Slave*

was extremely astonish how easily he promised it, And you may believe I had not waited here for you, but that I very well knew him a Man of his word.

The Count having hearken'd to all this discourse with marvellous attention, and thank'd *Laura* for all her good offices, and answer'd all her obligeing expressions in behalf of the *Sultaneſs*, discover'd to her the *Bassa's* design, and the reason of his being brought thither; *Laura* was ravished to hear his discourse, and though she foresaw her concern in the affaire was like to be small, yet she was pleas'd with the news she received, being willing to sacrifice all interests of her own, to the satisfaction of her Lady: *but Sir, to tell you all, said she to the Count, having paid my thanks to the Bassa for the favour I was in hopes of from*
him

The Happy Slave. 47

I went presently to bring the news to the Sultaneſs, who could not ſufficiently embrace me, being ſo extremely tranſported, that nothing in the World could have made her more joyful ſhe hath ſcarcely been able to ſleep ever ſince: ſhe and I have laid a hundred deſignes and framed to our ſelves a thouſand deviſes how ſhe may have a ſight of you: but if the Baſſa will not permit you to come alone hither, I do not ſee how it may be effected: the Sultaneſs in the meane time will be raviſhed with joy that I have ſeen you, and that you know ſome part of her mind.

The happy Roman being charmed at the kindneſs a Lady of that beauty and quality had for him, was very urgent with *Laura* to oblige him on this occaſion, and preſt her to ſay to the Sultaneſs from him, all that a heart

48 *The Happy Slave*

heart extremely sensible of the favour she did him, was capable to express. That he would have esteem'd himself the happiest of men, had it been in his power to have merited this honor, and that it should be the business of his life to deserve it by his actions :

Sir, repli'd Laura, all she desires of you, is that you will so manage the Liberty the Bassa doth afford you, that she may once have a sight of you : I find my self engaged to it by so many reasons, said the Count, *that you may be assured, I will not forget any thing that may gain this honour : I must intreat you to assure the Sultaneis accordingly, and that I have at least as much passion as she :* He had no sooner said this, but the *Bassa* came to them, which made them change their discourse, and the *Bassa* having
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condescended to make himself one of the company, and very pleasantly rallied; then said, he perceived by their countenances they were obliged to him for the acquaintance he had procured between them, and that they were very well pleased one with the other: the Count and *Laura* having returned the complement, the *Bassa* took his leave and he and the Count went out of the *Serrallio*.

The *Bassa* had observed such joy in *Alexanders* countenance when he was with *Laura*, it made him believe he was very well pleased with the visit he had given her. But he had the curiosity to ask him how he liked her; and whether she appeared so beautiful as he had represented her; the Count answered, it

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was

50 *The Happy Slave.*

was certainly impossible to see a Lady more handsome, or more witty: and that he was charmed at her beauty and conversation. The *Bassa* who desired nothing more then to see him in Love, was extremely glad at the confession he made; and told him it should be his fault; if he saw her not again; and, if he desired, he might do it on the morrow, that he would give him a Key to enter the *Serraglio*, and that he might go alone; least if he brought him in, the *Sultanesse* might be jealous: it being not his custom to visit her so often, the Count failed not to acquaint him how highly that favour would oblige him; so that the *Bassa* bid him go to bed, and take his rest, and told him he should see *Laura* on the morrow about

about the time he had seen her that day.

Never was a night so restless to any man, as this to the Count; her inclination, like that he had to manage, with the principal and most beautiful Lady of the Kingdom, was a thing so rare, and so tempting for a Man of his temper; what *Laura* had said of those obliging thoughts, that charming person had for him, did so ravish him with pleasure, that in the depth of misfortune he could not imagine any man more fortunate than himself: But when he considered, that she was the wife of the *Bassa*, a person to whom he was so strictly obliged, he was troubled extremely, and sigh'd for sorrow; these second thoughts prevailing at that time over the other, he

D2 highly

52 *The Happy Slave.*

highly reproached himself for entertaining a thought of so base an ingratitude. But it is a ricklish business to repent of a thing that extremely delights us, and men seldom charge themselves home for a fault so pleasing and lovely, as the pleasure of being beloved, those reproaches of the *Count* against himself, were not altogether the most violent that might be, and sometimes he would be angry with himself for making so much ado. At last, being assaulted by turns, on the one side by reason, on the other by passion, by the Glory of that, and the tenderness of this, he got up in the Morning without having been able to take any other resolution then to yield himself up to be guided by his destiny, to be governed
by

by Fate, and be meerly passive in the management of the business; That is to say, to love, in this particular, like a *Turk*, and to see the *Sultaneſs*, if it were so predestinated: but to do nothing in order to it, though he had promised *Laura* to contribute on his part all that lay in his power, and had told the *Bassa*, he should be extremely glad to go again to the *Serallia*. His resolution sometimes was very tottering and weak, and to speak truth, 'tis almost vain to take one against love, he wisht a thousand times that day, that his Fate to whose conduct he had given himself up, would incline to bring him to the *Sultaneſs*. He waited the hour with a great deal of impatience, however he would fain have perswaded him-

54 *The Happy Slave.*

himself to the contrary : but a young heart cannot be insensible being so apt to take fire, that it scarce requires any help to inflame it.

As soon as the *Bassa* saw the Count in the Evening, he shew'd him (smiling) the key of the *Serallio* : and he received it with the greatest joy in the World. *But I give it* said the *Bassa*, *on condition that you make your confident.* And I think I have done enough to engage you to do me that pleasure. The hour was come for his going to the *Sultanness*, and the Count having put on his Eunuchs habit, his Patron every day more obliging then other, would needs bear him company as far as the *Serallio*; *Laura* having notice of his coming, had waited for him

above

The Happy Slave. 55

above an hour at the gate, and no sooner saw him arrived, but ravished with joy, she gave him her hand, and told him. *You are either the most dextrous, or else the most fortunate person in the World: you being about things so difficult, and in so short a time, that all things seem to joyn in your favour: I am obliged for it to my fortune,* answered the Count, *for, as for addresses I had no occasion to use any, but if you would make me believe my self as happy as you say, help me to a sight of the Sultaneſs.* Laura told him, he should presently hear of her and brought him into a chamber, where her Lady was used to receive visits. It was her custom to seat her self in a kind of *Alcove*, the passage to which, was through her chamber, made up

56 *The Happy Slave.*

with great *Ballistres* guilt, and covered with a curtain of very thin Silk, through which she could see those whom she honoured only with a sight of her; which is a piece of state used in that Country.

Laura told the Count, that the *Sultaneſs* would see him from behind that Curtain. And shall not I then, said he, have the honour to see her. I know not, said *Laura*, but 'tis a favour so great, that 'tis never granted but when they are willing to grant all that may be expected: Ah Madam, said the Count, I beseech you to desire that favour for we tell her it wil, be of small consequence to give a stranger a sight of her, and that I shall die with grief if she deny me that honour. *Laura* promised him all the assistance
in

The Happy Slave. 57

in her power, and leaving him for a moment, went to advertise the *Sultaneſs*, who queſtionleſs longed for news of the arrival of her dearly beloved Chriſtian. In the mean time the Count conſidered the Riches and Ornaments of the Chamber, being the moſt magnificent of the apartment, it was ſet out with four Chriſtall Glaſſes which had a pleaſant effect on the Gold and the Jewels which glitter'd all about: Scarce had the *Sultaneſs* ſeen *Laura*, but ſhe knew by her countenance the happy news ſhe brought; and without allowing her time to ſay any thing, ſhe paſt to the *Aclove*, from whence ſhe deſign'd to take a view of the Chriſtian, before he ſhould know that ſhe was there. But ſhe made no
great

58 *The Happy Slave.*

great a noise at her entrance, and the *Cavalier* let her know, he had perceiv'd her, by saluting her, as he did, after the Turkish mode: *Laura* arrived the same time from the other side, and going to the *Ballistre*, went to whisper the *Sultaneſs*, who was not able sufficiently to expreſs the pleasure ſhe took in ſeeing this Christian, and the charms that appear'd in his perſon. As for him, he was ſtrangely perplexed at a viſit of this nature, where he could neither ſee, nor ſpeak to the party he viſited. He went, he came, to turn about as deſired, and at the end of the *Shew*, went ſilently to the *Balliſtre* and addreſſing himſelf to the *Sultaneſs*, having ſeen a ſhadow of her through the *Curtain*, he told her a thouſand pretty ſtorics

a thou-

The Happy Slave. 39

a thousand Gallantries to oblige her to afford him a view, for she understood *Italian*, and spoke it pretty well, having learnt it of *Laura*. She was very well pleas'd to hear the Count speak, and heartily laugh at it, but answered not a word, nor had the Curtain drawn. The Count was impatient, and accounting every moment lost he spent in that manner, seem'd to fret and be angry, and in a frank and free way told her, he should die of the Phantasie, as the people of that Country, if she denied him this favour, and that at last he would with his own hand draw that troublesome Curtain: and he had certainly done it, if *Laura*, who fear'd the *Sultana* might take ill, had not hindred him. But

autotoma

Laura.

60 *The Happy Slave.*

Laura was Mistaken, and her Lady gave her not thanks for her pains.

'Tis a Maxim among the women of that Country, not to sin off themselves against the rules of their duty, but press them a little, and offer them the least violence, they will presently yield without any resistance: their excuse is, that nature is weak, that men know it well enough, and are very much too blame to press them so home: that if there be harm done, it must be laid to their score, who cause them to do it, and not to them who are ignorant of it, and innocent in the business. *Laura* not well vers'd in the use of this Maxim, committed a fault, when she thought she had been discharging her duty. The
Amorous

The Happy Slave 61

Amorous *Sultaneſs* would have been raviſh'd with joy to have been ſeen by the Chriſtian, and the officious Slave ſpoild all by a piece of uſeleſs diſcretion. But her Lady was willing to receive the miſcarriage, and ſatiſfie in ſome meaſure the extreme deſire her dear Chriſtian had to ſee her; ſhe gave him leave to aſk what he pleaſed, to make him amends for the rigour of the cuſtom of that Country, which made it undecent for her Sex to ſhew themſelves to any but their Husband. The *Count* preſently deſired ſhe would at leaſt do him the honour of ſhewing him one of her fair hands: The *Sultaneſs* no ſooner heard him; but liſting up the curtain a little; ſhe gave him her hand over the *Baliſtre*; The young *Count* was

62 *The Happy Slave.*

was so charmed with this favour, that transported with joy, he laid his knee to the ground, and kissed her hand with such passion, the *Sultaneſs*, equally transported, wrung his hand, preſſing it ſo hard, to let him know ſhe approved of what he did. She was not over careful to keep her ſelf unſeen; and having put forth her arm, ſhe could not chooſe, but ſometimes appear to him in part by one chance or other (to which perhaps ſhe contributed a little.) Her Gallant could have wiſh'd he had had a full ſight of her, but thinking he had enough for the firſt time, he would not adventure to deſire any more. The pleaſure the *Sultaneſs* took in the ſight of him, was ſo great, and ſo charming, that ſhe could

have

have willingly past that night with him. But knowing that many eyes were upon her, and that she lived where men are extremely given to jealousy, and especially of their Wives, she had apprehensions of being Lampoon'd in her own apartment for staying so long in the *Alcove*, at a time so unseasonable for receiving a visit. And *Laura* had told her, 'twas time to withdraw. But how cruel a thing 'tis to be forced to part from that which we love? it cannot be done without pain and regret. Still she found some little pretence or other to stay him a little longer; at last she presented him with a Gold Chain, beset with Jewels, and told him obligingly it was not fit a Slave like him should wear any others.

The

64 *The Happy Slave.*

The happy *Count* better satisfy'd
with this Chain, then if she had
given him the Crown of *Tunis*,
answered her Gallantry, and
the favour she did him with the
most passionate and the most
grateful expressions imaginable.
And seeing the necessity of
parting, he took his leave of
the *Sultaneſs*, and withdrew
with *Laura*, who accompanied
him to the Gate of the apart-
ment.

Presents among the *Turks*, are
the first evidences of affections,
and often paſs for declarations
of love. *Laura*, who knew it
well enough, made the *Count*
ſenſible, before parting, what
that meant which he had receiv-
ed from the *Sultaneſs*; and that he
was not to doubt, having heard
and ſeen ſo much of her, but
ſhe.

She passionately lov'd him. Yet he was to take heed, and I believe he had need of abundance of discretion, to deal with the Women of that Country, whose passion of love is sometimes so violent, that they observe no bounds; that the *Sultaneſs* was indeed the most rational she had known amongst them, and had the most wit, yet tender and passionate as the rest. That she and he would be immutably ruined, if the *Baſſa*, who had no small experience in Amours, should once have the least suspicion of the intrigue. That there was not in the Kingdom a man more tender of his honour than he, and that all the kindness he had for him, would not save him from his indignation if he once came to know he had seen his Wife.

As

66 *The Happy Slave.*

As much taken as our young Roman was with the pleasant beginnings of his Amours, & for all his rejoycings at those evidences kindness he had received from the greatest beauty under Heaven, yet he could not forbear reflecting on *Laura's* good counsels, but went musing a long the *Serallio*, what course he should take, what means he should use against so dangerous a passion, which would certainly bring him to ruine and confusion. When the *Bassa* going to one of his Mistresses met him by the way, & seeing him pass by without so much as saluting him, he presently fell a laughing, and taking him by the arm. *Now* said he; *I see that you are in love.* The Count being confounded at his surprizing him in that case, made excuses for his
fault

fault. The *Bassa* made answer, that if he desir'd to be pardon'd, he must freely confess the truth, and acknowledge himself extremely disordered at the merits and beauty of *Laura*: *More Sir,* (said the Count with a very deep sigh,) *then you can possibly express or imagine.* But it being late, and the *Bassa* not willing to stay, he deferred the more particular inquiry to another opportunity, and dismiss him to his Lodging. This was a great happiness, and no less pleasure to the young lover, who was not then in condition to give the *Bassa* an account of his Amours, Part of that night he past walking in his Chamber, as if he had intended to come to a resolution before he went to bed. It was not the fear of death, or misfortune

68 *The Happy Slave.*

fortune that troubled him, but the horreur of ingratitude ; and having received so much kindness from the *Bassa*, thought it inexcusable in him to have any unjust designs on his Wife : *Ent* then says he, *should I not be the most ungrateful of men, should I slight the affection of so charming a person, to whom, if I consider her obligations according to their value, I owe more then to the Bassa? And is it not possible for me to see, and to love her within bounds, so as to be blameless on the one side and the other? No, no, if there be ingratitude in that, I cannot help it, there is nothing in the World can excuse me to the Sultanesse, and love ought to make my excuse with the Bassa.*

This was the last combat between gratitude and love in
the

the heart of the Count ; the last carried the day , and going to bed thereupon, he rested very well. The *Rassa* who was extremely desirous to see him so deeply in love that he should not be able to deny it, was the first that spoke to him, to return again that day to the *Sultaneſs* Lodgings : he gave him the key of the *Serallio*, and laughing, told him, he need not make such haſte to come back, if he found as much pleaſure as he wiſht him there: but that he muſt have a care, he did not engroſs all the love to himſelf, but he ſhould give *Laura* ſome part, unleſs he were minded to languish, as he had done, a long time to no purpoſe.

The amorous *Italian* went ſtraight to the *Serallio*, and
Laura

Laura, who waited for him, told him at his arrival, he might pass to the same Chamber he had been in, and that she would give her Lady notice of his coming; but she not having the patience of waiting so long, was got already into the *Alcove*. The Count having an extreme curiosity, and longing for a sight of that place, thought it convenient for the purpose, to make use of that time, when he believed, the *Sultaneſs* was absent; and coming up to the *Balliſtre*; gently took up the Curtain. But how was he surprized to see on the suddain, that charming person in a posture the most capable of any, to make one in love.

I shall not trouble you with a description of the *Alcove*, which being

being a Room of state for the Wife of so puissant a Lord, you may easily believe, was very noble and rich. It was raised a foot higher then the Chamber, the approach to it being by a space cover'd with a fair Turkey Carpet, checkquer'd with little squares of damask, wrought with Gold. The *Sultaneſs* lay on a bed of damask of like work; and having design'd to shew her self that day to the Count, she had not forgot to put her self in an equipage and posture capable to charm him at first sight: she had turned her face towards the *Ballister*, leaning her head carelessly on her left arm, which you might clearly see in her great Tiffany sleeve after the Turkish mode. Her black hair was partly pleated with great
ropes

ropes of Pearl, parting down on her breast, and part on her shoulders, and set off the clearness of her delicate complexion (vying with the snow in whiteness) to so much advantage, that it wrought wonderfull effects in the beholder. She had about her body, a small Gold Bodice only, her bosom being half open, and the rest cover'd with a piece of fine Tiffany, like an Amazons Scarf: all was visible from her neck to her breast, and so admirable to behold, that it had been impossible for any eye having seen it, (as the Count did) to escape being enamour'd of it: she had on her head, plumes of several colours, and in the midst of them, a crescent of Silver. Her Coat was of a light Stuff Imbroydered with Gold after the fashion

fashion of the Country, with Diamond buckles, to tuck it up at the knee; her leg was half naked, and the rest covered with Buskins all laid over with Diamonds and Pearls; in a word she was all so Rich, so Gallant, so full of charms, that the poor Count was utterly undone at the sight. His joy and astonishment were visible to her in that confusion of action and words, in which he was so miserably plung'd; that he knew not what was become of himself, nor what he would say to her. But falling into an extasy, and wholly swallowed up with admiration, his eyes and his sighs were orators for him. The fair Sabina as soon as she saw him, would, with a Handkerchief she had in her hand, have covered

COM E her

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her face, and hid from him part of the confusion she was in. But the happy lover, recovering courage by degrees, passing his arm betwixt the *Ballistres*, hindered her from it. Once you might have had reason Madam, said he, to have kept from my sight those treasures of love, as knowing full well that no man can see them without dying for love of them. But now 'tis too late to conceal them from me. I have seen more then any heart is able to bear, without yielding it self; and it would be extreme cruelty to you, not to compleat what is so happily begun. As the Count was speaking to her in this manner, she look'd upon him with eyes so tender and pierceing, that she seemed willing to execute what he desired: the crafty
Count

Count having seiz'd one of her hands, (to which, as he look'd upon it, he gave a thousand Amorous kisses) by little and little drew it out so farr on his side, with so feeble resistance from the *Sultaneſs*, that ſhe came at laſt to lean her head on the *Balliſtre* juſt over againſt the head of the *Count*. Then it was, he had full Liberty to take a view at his leaſure of thoſe beauties that put him to amazement, and raviſhed him with ſuch joy as he had never before been ſenſible of. As ill luck would have it, the *Balliſtres* were ſo cloſe, that not any two of them ſtood half the head diſtance one from the other. However the two lovers meeting half way, made a ſhift to ſlip through a great number of kiſſes

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the most charming and sweet
 that lovers e're tasted. The
~~Count~~ being naturally bold,
 made one Liberty but a step to
 another, and seeing what he
 was permitted to do, and the
 pleasure she took in it, he press'd
 his Amorous temerity so far,
 that what he did may pass for
 half an enjoyment. Till then
 their entertainment was made
 up of dumb engagements, a
 thousand times more eloquent
 then the finest expressions in the
 World. Their eyes, their sighs
 their actions, their toys had
 spoken a Language intelligible
 enough to perswade both they
 lov'd one another intirely.
 They had no need of other
 conversation; yet, *Laura* arrive-
 ing, they changed it a little, but
 they spoke before her the most
 tender

tender, and most passionate things you can imagine. The *Sultaneſs* who had that confidence in her as to conceal nothing from her, was not troubl'd at her coming. But the *Count*, who took not so much pleasure in these discourses though very obliging, as in those dumb entertainments, made a sign to *Laura* to take the other turn: at which the *Sultaneſs* seeming a little angry, let down the Curtain, and so fastned it behind that he could not take it up. But this being in Jest, and to provoke his passion the more, her rigour was short lived, and peace presently made more firm then ever.

The first favours give a privilege for others, and a kind of right not only to hope, but

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demand them : The *Count* to be reveng'd of his *Mistress* for the piece of spite she had done him, thrust both his arms between the *Ballistres* and embracing her on the suddain, kissed her with that violence, that he forced bloud out of her lips. The *Sultaneſs* was so far from complaining of the rudeneſs of his caresses, that being charm'd with the pleasure of them, she carefully saved all the bloud on her Handkerchief to preserve it as a Trophy to shew *Laura*, as a most sensible mark of the extreme passion her dear *Alexander* had for her.

Let me acquaint you by the way with a rarity of those parts; that for a Women to have been beaten by a man she loves, is esteem'd in that Country
a great

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a great evidence of affection to the party beaten. I confess such favours are some what rude, but 'tis the temper of the Country, and such is their custom. As for the bloud that came from the lips of the Amorous *Sultaneſs*, we may believe it proceeded from a transport of love. With us one may be bitten, but not beaten through extremity of this passion, but blows exceed the limits of Gallantry, and that Woman must be an *African*, that loves to be so courted. 'Tis a fashion will never pass in *Europe*, and though they use it sometimes, yet never to oblige Women, none of whom that I know of, were ever pleased with a bastinado. The rest of this visit having been spent in foolery and toys, though sometimes of much merriment

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moment in matters of love, I will not trouble you with the particulars. *Laura* who was not far distant from the lovers, appeared at the least sign of their pleasure to have her attend. The Count & the *Sultaneſs* bid each other adieu with the greatest kindness imaginable. And *Laura* brought him to the door of the apartment so deep in love, he scarce knew where he was. He went directly from thence to the *Baſa*, who instantly observed the visible change of the Counts former Sadneſs and Melancholly into a tender and Languishing air; at which the *Baſa* taking occasion to laugh, ſaid, well *Alexander*, hath love plaid his part well?

Is it your pain, or your pleasure
hath ſo charm'd you to day? I
confess,

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confess, Sir said he *with a sigh*, it is the pleasure I have met with but pleasure, I fear, which may cost me much pain. The Bassa believing, that to be the confident of the Counts passion, might be of some use, took him by the hand, and led him to the Garden, to take a turn in the walks: He fell presently upon the subject of his good fortune, and prayd him to tell him truly, how his affairs stood. The Count having his heart, and his fancy all full of love, with very great ease, gave him such a ravishing description of his tenderest affections, and painted the pleasures he had taken that Evening so much to the life, adding his sighs and exclamations, with gestures and looks so eloquent and passionate, that he awaked in

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in the Soul of the *Bassa* the affection he had formerly for *Laura*, and lately laid asleep : what care forever is taken to cure one of this passion, still there remains enough in the heart of a lover to set it on fire by the least spark that falls on it. The insensibility and resistance of *Laura* had not been enough in them to quench all the heat of the *Bassa's* affection. She had only covered it with ashes, to preserve it the better, against another time : had the Count acted like a politique lover, he had easily foreseen, how ticklish and dangerous a business it is, to make such representations before persons who are Amorously inclined ; and especially before a Man whom he had reason to consider as a rival, and
in

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in whose power it was to dispose of him as he pleased. But the truth is, that in speaking thus of *Laura*, he thought he hazarded nothing of his own; he had really no kindness for her, but hoped to do his own business the better, in making the *Bassa* believe that he lov'd her; which is the reason he did not carry himself in this with so much caution, as he would have done in a nother conjuncture.

The *Bassa* slept not that night: *Laura* appear'd a thousand times more handsom, and charming in the description of the Count, than ever she had done in his eye at full sight. He esteemed himself the most unfortunate of Men, not only for that he had quitted the pursuit, but had contributed so much to see her in the arms—

arms of another: Hereupon jealousy presently possess'd him, attended with a train of spite, rage, and peevishness to torment him. What great shame, thought he, could ever happen to a man as he was, who never found resistance from a woman, then to have been slighted by a Slave, who was his dependent, and had yielded to another Slave as soon as she had seen him? for after the passionate relation *Alexander* had made, the *Bassa* made no doubt, but all was concluded; he had fancies of this kind that troubled him extremely, and if he did not then hate the Count, 'tis certain, he retained not for him that kindness he had formerly express'd towards him: and as for *Laura*, though he was then more in love with her, then ever, he had a pique against

against her; & could not forbear reproaching her all night, for her want of discretion in making greater account of a mans kindness, that could do her no service, then of his by whom she might have made her fortune: these thoughts were followed by others concerning his person. He accused himself of baseness, and weakness of heart, to trouble himself with the thoughts of a creature that so little deserved his esteem, or to intend to hinder the satisfaction of two lovers, whose love he himself had caused and promoted: All this notwithstanding, he went on the morrow with the Count to the *Serallio*; but for no other end, but to observe the countenance of *Laura*; who surprized to see him come, this

is

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is extraordinary, Sir, said she laughing, twice in one week: what will people say of it? As for you, said the Bassa, you will say no ill of it, I come in so good company and should others believe as formerly, that I came for love of you, you know, 'tis not for my self, and therefore you are the more oblig'd to me, *Laura* very civilly thanked him for his goodness. They fell then all three into a little discourse of Gallantry, wherein the Bassa spoke so many kind things to *Laura*, that she might understand part of that Amorous trouble he was in, if she had mistrusted it; but he delivered himself with such an air, that his complements, and kind expressions, were taken for mere effects of his good

good humour: But the *Bassa's* coming thither, being under pretence of seeing the *Sultaneſs*, he could not diſpence with giving her a viſit, but he was not long with her, being not able to reſt, till he return'd to the two lovers, which he did with all the ſpeed in his power. He told *Laura* a thouſand things, more obliging then formerly, and having highly careſſed her, gave her at parting ſuch a look, that if ſhe had made the leaſt reflection upon it, ſhe might have eaſily perceiv'd, the kindneſs he had formerly for her took fire afreſh with more vehemence then ever but; ſhe could not ſuſpect in the leaſt, he would trouble her any more, after the kindneſs he had expreſt for his *Alexander*, and
having

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having been the instrument of the pretended passion between her and the Count. She took all for Gallantry, and made it the subject of raillery with the *Sultaneſs*; to whom ſhe gave an account of all that had paſt with the *Baſſa*, and with *Alexander*. The fair *Turk* went that Evening to bed, ill ſatisfied with her fate, having been diſappointed of an entertainment ſhe had expected, as pleaſant as that ſhe had received the day before from her dear *Chriſtian*, ſhe could not ſufficiently lament the unluckineſs of the viſit given her by a man, who courted other Women, and ſeemed to have been born to incommode and give trouble only to her: *Laura* answered in raillery. She had little reaſon to complain of it to
her,

her, to whose complaisance she was beholding for a sight of her lover: *Alb Laura*, said the *Sultans*, who knows for what reason he hath been so complaisant? you may very well believe, it was not to oblige me. I believe so *Madam* replied *Laura*, but you are obliged to him however, and ought to thank him for me. After this little raillery, they fell to discourse, what could have brought the *Bassa* thither that Evening, and could not imagine; but it was in complement to the Count.

The *Bassa* by this time was fallen into a deep Melancholly, seldom appearing, but when he walked in the Garden, sometimes alone, and sometimes with *Alexander* and then, not a word

word of *Laura*, nor any discourse of going again to the apartment of the *Sultaneſs*: this troubled our lover, who beſides his affliction for being depriv'd of the ſight of a perſon he loved better than his life, and ceaſing to ſee her, muſt ceaſe alſo to live, had a thouſand tormenting ſurmises and troubleſome fancies upon the *Baſſa's* change of humour, which he could not attribute to any thing but his having taken ſome umbrage and jealousie of him, on the account of the *Sultaneſs*; the *Sultaneſs* and her confident were no leſs tormented on the other hand; they had ſeen a firſt, a ſecond, a third, and a fourth long day paſs without a ſight of their *Alexander*: lovers are very exact accountants, and keep reckoning of

of the very moments, but account nothing more tedious than a day of absence. What should be the meaning of all this, said they one to the other, having a thousand fears upon them, though they knew not of what; 'tis a difficult matter to keep any thing secret in places of that nature. Yet they could not imagine they had given any occasion of discourse, or that any person in the apartment had made the least discovery of their Intrigue. At last, on the fifth day, after a bundance of affliction, the *Bassa* came to see them; but, the mischief of it was, that he came alone. Besides he appeared so dull, so musing, and so much out of humour, they made no more doubt but he had smelt out

out the intilligence they held with the Count. But that which gave them the killing blow, and raised their fears to the height, was, that *Laura* having according to her custom waited the *Bassa* out of the Chamber, and asking him, what he had done with her dear *Eunuch*; I am jealous of him (said the *Bassa* making no stay) I need tell you no more: *Laura* made hast to give her *Mistress* the alarme, and told her, there was no more doubt to be made, but jealousie was the cause of the *Bassa's* not bringing *Alexander* with him, the *Bassa* himself having told her so that instant; those who are guilty, are easily frightened, and fear hath this property, that it so confounds the imagination, that the lightest suspicions, are
taken

taken for clear and unquestionable truths. With what sighs, what tears, did the poor *Sultaneſs* afflict her ſelf, yet not ſo much for the ill conſequences ſhe might apprehend from the jealousie of the *Baſſa*, as for the fear ſhe had, that if he were really jealous of the Chriſtian, ſhe ſhould never have a ſight of him more. She did heartily wiſh ſhe could have written to him, but there are few truſty meſſengers to be found in thoſe places, where there is cauſe to diſtruſt every one you converſe with; and every eye that ſees you, is a ſpy on your actions, at leaſt if not gained by money or kindneſs, wherein after all poſſible care, you may be deceived, as ſhe was in this trouble. *Laura* received a note
from

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from the Count, brought her by an *Eunuch*, and carried it forthwith to shew it the *Sultaneſs*, being in these words.

Madam, the *Baſſa* every day more obligeing then other, is pleased to grant me the honor of walking with you this Evening in the Garden of the *Serallio*. I know not, whether you can dispence with your self till then. Let us take the hour you think most proper. He will be there with one of his *Mistresses*. Send me word, if you please, if I may expect this favour from you.

The *Baſſa* would never have thought of this walk, but out of the extreme desire he had to know certainly, how *Laura* and *Alexander* stood affected one to the other; and that he might inform himself of what
most they

they should discourse : The Garden was a place very fit for his design, especially by night, where he could hear without being seen. He had made the proposal to the Count, in confidence he would receive it with a great deal of joy; which in appearance he did, but without hope of any great satisfaction from the adventure, it being scarce probable the *Sultanesse* would permit *Laura* to come. But that which really troubled him, was the opinion he had, the *Bassa* was certainly jealous of his Wife, since he gave him so clear proof of his unwillingness, that he should see *Laura* at her Lodgings any more.

The question then was, how to write to the *Slave*, to dispose her for the walk. But the Count
having

having written the Billet, the *Bassa* sent it by an *Eunuch*, and stay'd for the answer.

The *Sultaneſs* read the Billet and was of opinion with her Gallant; that it was for love of her, the *Bassa* was unwilling he should come any more to see *Laura* in her apartment. It was long ere they came to a resolution in the point, whether *Laura* should agree to the assignation: *Laura* very wisely thought it better not to go, but the *Sultaneſs* wholly led by her passion, and too deeply in love, to act any thing with reason that concerned her affection, notwithstanding any thing *Laura* could say, made her write him this answer.

It were to act the part of a very ill person, to be all a lone, in the
Garden,

Garden, while others are diverting themselves there : I consent for pity, to come, and bear you company, but on condition that you will be wise, and that we be at some distance from the *Bassa*, because I would not be known by her that he brings with him. If you can promise me these two things, I am for you, after the fourth Prayer when the *Sultaneſs* is a bed.
Adieu.

This answer was beyond the expectation of the Count, who rejoiced extremely at the pleasure he promised himself with the Slave, from the discourse of the *Sultaneſs*, while they should continue in the Garden.

Night being come, and the fourth Prayer over, the *Bassa* told him, he might go, and bring *Laira* to the Garden, while he
F went

went for one of his *Mistress*, who was lodged on the other side. It is the custom of the *Grandeess* of that Countrey, among a multitude of Women they have in their *Seraglio*, when they have not a particular inclination for any one, to take this to day, and another to morrow; and having lost the taste of love, to search for pleasure in change and variety.

It may be easily imagined, that *Alexander* received this commission with a great deal of joy, and was in no small haste to go to the *Sultanesse's* lodgings. She who was charmed at the sight of him, could not express her joy, without a thousand transports of love, and the most tender caresses a most passionate Lady could, possible make her dearest

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dearest lover. *Alexander* did his part to admiration, not only returning transport for transport and carresse for carresse, but excellling his pattern, love working in him, or he in the *Sultaneſs* such things as gave her very great satisfaction. It may be admired peradventure that two persons so little acquainted, should in so few dayes become so very good friends. But we must know, Love in these hot Countreſs makes far quicker progress then in the cold, where the winds, and the snow, and the rain spoil his wings, and bindet his flight. Whereas on the contrary the Sun is there almost still at the height, and Love being a tender infant and going allwaies naked, thrives there the better, where he finds

Having E 2 hearts

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hearts very well disposed, and ready to take fire.

The Count who could not stay long there, was willing to bestow the small time he had to spend with the *Sultaneſs* in gentle reproaches for her permitting *Larra* to come, and walk with him. You have, said he, a very good opinion of my affection, *Madam*, or else you love me with a great deal of indifference, that this does not the least trouble you at all. The *Sultaneſs* answered, she replied not so much on his fidelity, as on *Larra's* discretion, whom she knew too well, to think she would betray her. Look you to your self, as for her I place a confidence in her, and if you do your duty, I am perswaded she will not be wanting in hers.

Having

Having thus spoken, she would not detain him longer for fear of the *Basha*, but retired to her Chamber. The happy lover, very well pleas'd with the lucky moment he had past with the *Sultaneſs*, asked *Larra*, if she were ready: she made him answer, he should not stay for her longer then while she fetch'd her *Barnus*, which is a kind of Hood that covers them from head to foot: The Count seeing her return muffled up in that Garment, went his way before, according to their custom there, and she followed: he said not a word to her, while they were in the *Serallio*, for fear of being over-heard, and discovered, but being arriv'd in the Garden, where they had Liberty enough, who will be-

believe, Madam said he, but we
 made an Amorous assignation
 being come to a place of rendez-
 vous so fit for the purpose. And
 the Bassa will not fail to think
 us the happiest Lovers in the
 World: Laura made him no
 answer but kept on her way, till
 they came to the Bower that
 was assigned them at a conve-
 nient distance from the Bassa's,
 as Laura had desired. The
 Count gave her his hand, and
 knowing very well every turn
 in those walks which he visited
 almost every day he made her
 sit on a seat of a green turf made
 for the purpose. Then said he
 this, Madam, is to try a mans
 fidelity with a witness, to expose
 him to pass part of the night
 in such a place as this with
 a Lady so beautifull as you.
 Surely

Surely the Sultaneſs will hence forward reſt aſſured of my paſſion. The Count made a pauſe, expecting her answer, but not receiving a word from her, he proceeded telling her, I thought we had been not ſo debarred the pleaſures of an aſſignation, but we might have enjoind that of diſcourſe; but for ought I perceive, you mean to follow the faſhion of *Turky*; and ſince 'tis a favour in this Country for a Woman to ſhew her ſelf, or ſpeak to a Man, you will deprive me of the one and the other: but while we are together, I pray let us live after the mode of our Country, which is far better then the *Turkiſh*. To do otherwiſe with me, were altogether too rigorous, and more, I believe, then you have promiſed.

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the *Sultaneſs*, or ſhe expects at your hands. A way, I beſeech you, ſaid he, taking her by the *Barnaw*, with this uſeleſs Hood, and do me the favour to tell me ſome news of the *Sultaneſs*; or if you pleaſe, of the adventures brought you hither, which from the day I firſt had the honour to ſee you, I have had an extreme longing to aſk you : this you will not deny me, if you think I may be any way uſefull to you, as I doubt not but I may, being your Countryman, and ſo well eſteemed by the *Baſſa*, as to be able to do you ſome ſervice. All this diſcourſe ſo obliging for *Laura*, ſhe heard, without replying a word, or quitting her *Barnaw*, as he had deſired. The Count ſeeing this, preſſed her no further, but with
a more

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a more serious air said, if you desire, *Madam*, to pass the Evening in this manner, it will be very unfortunate for me. But I must comply. And removing a few paces from her, he went, and sat him down in a corner of the Bower, where he continued a while without speaking a word. The fair Lady fetched a sigh as if she had been displeased at his quitting her. The *Count* laying hold on that occasion to be even with her, took his turn of tormenting, in not answering her sighs. At last she came to him, took him by the arm, & embraced him, with many grimaces, as if she would have turned all into ridicule. The *Count* fell a laughing, and said, *Madam* I beseech you be satisfied with the sacrifice I make to Love, without trying

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my patience any further; let us, if you please, have a little conversation, but answer me when I speak, for I do not love talking to my self. But all would not do; she laughed under her Hood and took pleasure in vexing him. The Count at last growing impatient; This is too much, *Madam*, said he, and since you will needs laugh, I'll shew you a trick shall make you speak in spite of your heart; having said so, he took her in his arms, and not being able to take off her Hood, he used some familiarities with her, would have forced speech from a Maid of *Laura's* discretion and modesty: but the Lady was still silent, and so little concerned, that she scarce made any resistance. At which the Count was extremely surpriz'd,

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surprized, and after all the
esteeme he had for *Lanna*, apprehended there might be design
in the business, and that he was
abused: then it was he did all
in his power to get sight of her
through a little glimmering of
light that came into the Bowet.
Did the *Sultaneſs* know, said he,
the Liberty you allow me, she
would give you no thanks for
your silence, or your being shie
of affording me a sight of you,
which it seems, you do to give
me occasion to attempt greater
matters, and deny me small fa-
vours to grant me the principall:
the fair Lady not able to defend
her self longer, quitted her
Barnus, and having scap't out
of his hands, Ah little traytor,
said she, is this the fidelity you
have promised me? Oh Heavens
Madame

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Madam, said he, is it you? It was the *Sultaneſs*, her ſelf had taken *Laura's* place, and you may imagine what a pleaſant ſurprize this was to the Count, who could not on the ſuddain otherwiſe expreſs it then by this exclamations; and running after her (who fled not too faſt) he overtook her at the door of the Bower, and Embracing her moſt tenderly; My dear *Sultaneſs* ſaid he the ſecond time, is it you? yes answered ſhe, (ſuffering her ſelf to be gently brought back into the Bower,) it is I, who repent me already of what I have done for you who did not deſerve it. Did you think me ſo ſimple to expoſe into the hands of another that which I hold moſt dear in the World, do not I ſee how ill it is
trufing

trusting of you? your constancy was very tottering; it was at least half over-come. And had *Lanna*, the counterfeit *Laura* answered your offers, where would you have been? Never was man more confounded then the *Count* at all these reproaches: He made a free confession, but excused himself by her carriage towards him, alleadging it impossible for any man to have withstood the attaques she had made. At last, He carried the cause, all was accommodated, an agreement made, and Love signed the Artieles.

To come in search of a Gallant (as the *Sultaneſs* had done) into a Garden where she knew her Husband was present, was an adventure some what bold: and doubtless, there are many Women

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Women who will condemn her conduct as imprudent, but of those who are in love there, are few, who being in her place, would not take the same course. The *Bassa* though accompaigned with a very beautifull person, past away time somewhat worse then the Count: *Chabania* his *Mistress* had (besides beauty) an excellent wit, and a very taking carriage, which made her pass for the most charming person in the *Serrallio*. The *Bassa* had formerly been deeply in love with her; but Love for convenience is not very durable her Patron was not in an humour to entertain her that Evening, and had not brought her with him into the Garden, but to serve for a pretence to colour other designes she apprehended.

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apprehended as much, as soon as she knew, that *Laura* was in the Garden, which the *Bassa* muluckily told her; thinking he might satisfie her in that point, by letting her know that *Laura* was deeply in love with *Alexander*, in whose company she was. But *Chabania* was so far from believing it, that she presently fancied *Alexander* to be no other then the *Bassa's* confident in the affair, and that he had not brought *Laura* into the Garden but for his Master she had been formerly jealous of him, even to distraction, and I know not how it came to pass the *Bassa* was so overseen as, not to have made choice of some others of his Women, who might have been more for his turn on this occasion she was at her wits end
for

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for the small countenance he gave her; all the while he was with her she had scarcely fewer words from him and saw clearly his thoughts were wholly of *Laura*; this was vexation enough for a Women in love, who knows her self handsome, and is high spirited withall. But that which put her into absolute despair, was, that the *Bassa* not able to obtain any truce from his jealousy, having spent some time in her company, without any careffe, or giving her the least evidence of kindness, though she had more then once given him occasion to shew it; told her, he had a longing desire to go hearken and know how the Christians in the Bower entertained one another: she made him no answer, but letting him

him go, she the next minute after went another way towards the same Bower to observe the *Bassa*, and see what he did there.

The Nights in that Country are very clear, especially in Summer: the *Bassa*, notwithstanding all the caution he had used to poste himself securely near *Alexanders* quarter, under the favour of the hedges that covered his approach, was perceived by the counterfeit *Laura* in the Bower. She had discovered him by his shadow, and having made her lover aware of it, he presently went out, and ran to meet the *Bassa*, to intreat him not to come any further but permit him to enjoy that moment of pleasure, he had been pleased to procure him. The *Sultanesse*
not

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not knowing what wind had brought the *Bassa* to that side of the Garden, and fearing he would come into the Bower, would not be perswaded by any thing that *Alexander* could say to her, to stay after him in the Bower, but went presently out to hide herself in some corner of the Garden where she thought she might be in better security.

The meane time, the jealous *Bassa*, confounded at the discovery and having lost the opportunity of executing the design he had so unfortunately laid, suffered himself to be prevaild upon by the intreaties of his rival, and returned towards his Bower, as *Alexander* to his: where being arrived, he was sufficiently amaz'd at, missing the

the *Sultaneſs*, but thought ſhe had fled a way for fear, which troubled him extremely; but juſt as he was leaving the Bower to go in ſearch of her, he ſaw in the furtheſt and moſt retired part of it ſome thing that ſeem'd to have the ſhape of a Woman: then going up thither, and finding he had not been miſtaken, he fancied it onely to be a trick of the *Sultaneſs*; this pleaſed him extremely, and paſſionately embracing her, *Madam*, ſaid he, are not you very waggiſh? you would fain have made me run all about the Garden in ſearch of you: ſhe answered not a word, but getting out of his arms, ſhe went away briskly and withdrew into another corner of the Bower: the Count was ſurprized at this manner
of

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of proceeding, being not so gentle as he expected from the *Sultaneſs*, who loved him ſo tenderly; but to undeceive himſelf as ſoon as he could, and to find out the cauſe of ſo ſudden a change, he went up to her the ſecond time, and taking her by the hand, what may be the reaſon, *Madam* ſaid he, that you run away, and hide your ſelf from me? there is no fear of the *Baſa*; he is withdrawn to his quarter and hath promiſed not to give us any further diſturbance. But all this could not make her answer a word; ſo that not knowing what to think of this rigour he kneeled on the ground where ſhe was ſitting on a ſeat of green turf, and kiſſing her hand prayed her for loves ſake, to tell him the reaſon
why

why she seemed angry with him; he courted and embraced her with great passion and tenderness, and she as patiently took it, but at last preceiving her laugh a laughter very different from that of the *Sultaneſs*, he examined her more neerly, and knew by the difference of her shape and her clothes that he was mistaken. It is inconceivable, what a trouble this put him in. He thought himself arrived in Fayry land to see the strangest sights in the World. That *Laura* had been changed into the *Sultaneſs*, was not so surprizing as pleasant, but that the *Sultaneſs* should be turned into another Woman, and perhaps a *Mistress* of the *Baſſa's*, this was the thing he could not comprehend: that which troubled

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troubled him most, and extremely disquieted him was the pain he was in, for not knowing what was become of the *Sultaneſs*; and the fear he had, the *Baſſa* might have met her in the Garden, and known her: this moved him again to go out in ſearch of her, but *Chabaria*, (for it was ſhe he had miſtaken for the *Sultaneſs*) held him faſt by the ſleeve, and ſtaid him, telling him in the *Moors* language, it was not fit for him to quit in that manner a Lady for whom he had already expreſt ſome affection. The Count underſtood not her language, prayed her to let him go for fear the *Baſſa* ſhould come, and be offended at his being with her. But all to no purpoſe; ſhe no more underſtood his *Italian*, then he her.

Bold

Moresque

Moresque, and was so far from letting him go, that she would have made him sit by her, that she might revenge her self on the *Bassa* for the slight he had put upon her. During this little contest, which could not but be somewhat extraordinary between two persons who understood not one another, the *Sultaneſs* comes in quite out of breath, and throws her self half dead into the arms of *Alexander*, who happened to be in a place ready to receive her. What frightful farnies had he then in his head? he presently imagined they were utterly undone, and that she had been discovered. But the *Bassa* arriving presently after, set him right again in saying, you run away *Madam*, speaking to the counterfeit *Laura*,

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Laura, from a person who wishes you no ill, nor intends you any; then turning towards *Alexander*, he was about to excuse himself to him for breaking his word, but seeing *Cabania* stand by him, he suddenly altered both his mind and his language, asking her in *Moresque* what she was come thither for. She answered him allowd, and gave him a thousand reproaches for his unworthyness and weakness in quitting her, to follow a Slave that run away from him. This was a very rare Scene, and the Dialogue not a little pleasing to the *Sultaneſs*: but she had not long to laugh at it, for *Chabania* being vext to the heart for the slight the *Bassa* had put upon her, and for what he had said to her before her pretended rival, flew

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flew like a fury upon the *Sultaneſs*, with that promptitude and ſwiftness that neither the *Baſſa*, nor *Alexander*, who would have ſtaid her, were able to ſave the counterfeit *Laura* from being ſomewhat ill handled. The Count was touched to the quick at this outrage, and no conſideration of life or of duty could have prevented him from having ſatisfaction; had not his fear of loſing the *Sultaneſs* prevailed more upon him then his reſentment: The *Baſſa* was as angry as he, and taking the enraged *Chabania* by the hand, he drew her ſomewhat rudely out of the Bower, and led her away.

The Count was no ſooner alone with the *Sultaneſs*, but embracing her tenderly, *Machmet* ſaid he, with a paſſionate tone, *what dangers*
G have

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have you gone through for love of me! What a cruel assault have you but now endured? The Sultaneſs did nothing but laugh at the laſt adventure ſhe had been in, and told him ſhe took more pleaſure to ſee *Chabanni's* deſpair, (for whom ſhe had ever a natural averſion) then ſhe had ſuffered of harme by her outrage and violence. But ſhe confeſſed the ſame time, that ſhe was in extreme perplexity when ſhe met the *Baſſa* ranging over the Garden in ſearch of that Woman, and that it was the higheſt piece of good fortune imaginable, that ſhe had her *Bannus* with her, to hide her ſelf in. She added that her dear Husband had ſaid to her a thouſand Gallant things, and had done alſo ſome things a little extraordinary: but that it was her
good

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good fortune to be not far from the Bower, and to make her escape: she told him further, that there remained no more doubt of the *Bassa's* being newly fallen in love with *Laura*, and that she was very well assured of it by the kindness of his expressions, and the transports she observed him in at this rencontre that this was the true cause of all their alarms, and the reason why he brought him not into the *Seraglio* as formerly: The *Count* was of the same judgement, and both held it necessary to make good use of the occasion, and that *Laura* who was to act the principal part should employ her best address and complaisance in their favour.

The *Bassa* taking small pleasure in the Garden after the unhappy success of his Amorous design;

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designs, having done his endeavour to pacifie *Chaharia*, would bring her back to her lodgings, and past by *Alceanders*, Bower, to let him understand it was time to withdraw : The Count followed him immediately, being extremely Joyful to have come off so happily from a walk that had prov'd so full of adventures : He bore his dear *Sultaneſs* company into her apartment, where he ſtaid not long for fear of the *Baſſa*, but withdrew to his lodging. He paſt the reſt of the night very pleaſantly though he ſlept not at all ; and the truth is, he had reaſon enough to be well pleaſed, though his Patron had not, who was more labouring under mortall afflictions : *Laura*, whom he now was more deeply in Love with, then ever, put him in deſpair by her rigours

rigours and cruelties, if no more pity from her, then no more pleasure to be expected in his life. His great affection for *Alexander* could not keep him from being his rival, and wishing to share with him in the favours she did him. His passion was arrived at a point which is the highest of sufferings, that of not being Loved: and when he thought of the opportunity he had let slip the night before, when he had *Laura* in his power, he was so cruelly vexed, he could have found in his heart to be revenged of himself: yet he had no great cause to blame his discretion, for he had done enough, and unless he would have driven his Gallantry to the last push of all, he could not have done more. He was not willing to

G. 3. declare

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declare himself to *Alexander*, nor, acquaint him with the thoughts he had newly entertained, as well to prevent the displeasure he believed it would give him, as for that he conceived the *Count* might be of use to him in the design, and that the discovery might be to his prejudice.

In the Morning, as soon as he was up, he went (as he sometimes was used) to the *Counts* Chamber without any attendant, and found him in bed: *A Man*, said he, *must be as happy as Alexander in his Love, before he can sleep as quietly as he.* If there be any, answered the *Count*, hath cause to commend his good fortune on that account, it must without doubt be a person of your comeliness and Gallantry who to gain love need

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need no more, then say you are in love. Yes, replied the *Bassa* with a smile, except it be to *Laura*, who hath made me very sensible that I can sigh to no purpose, and that the master of her person may not be the master of her heart; It was necessary that *Alexander* should come from *Europe* to *Africk* to make that conquest; This, Sir replied the *Count* may be an instance of the vagaries and extravagancies of Love, who often knows not where to fix, but follows the effects of destiny, or the Stars which are predominant over the affections. And I believe Sir, added he smiling, as for the Love of *Laura*, you are already very well satisfied, and so little concerned where she bestows it, that you never designed to make me in

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Love with her, that you might be my Rival: however, said he, observing the *Bassa* sigh, I assure you, should it so happen, you cannot do me a greater favour then in letting me know it. And you shall find that all the passion I can have for her shall not hinder any performance of the duty I owe you. I will quit all my pretensions as I know you have the least design upon her, that I may prevent all dispute with a person to whom I am so deeply oblig'd, that there can be nothing so dear to me but I will part with it for your sake. Believe it *Alexander*, answered the *Bassa*, it is not so easily a matter to be disingaged from a passion like yours, you may as well persuade me, you cannot be in Love. I am certainly in Love,

replied

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replied the Count, and it may be as deeply as possible; But having so many favours daily heaped on me from you, there is nothing in the World I shall Love more then your repose and satisfaction: and, Sir, if *Laura* appear now as amiable as formerly to you, I must tell you again, I Love her no longer; so casie a matter was it for the subtile *Italian* to be generous in parting with that in which he was so little concerned. The *Bassa* asked him, if he would say as much before *Laura*. He answered, he believed him too just and too Gallant to desire him to make a declaration of that nature before one who had been his *Mistress*. At last the *Bassa* proposed another walk in the Garden that very day, and at the same time prayed

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him to write about it to *Laura*; which the Count having not been able to avoyd, received this answer.

The burnt child dreads the fire, we do not commonly expose our selves twice to the same danger. The *Bassas* usage of me last night gives me small encouragement to trust him the second time. And you are an eye witness how ill I was handled by her, he had with him. Let it satisfie you, that if you come hither, I will have the honour to see you. But no more walking.

The *Bassa* much troubled at so unexpected an answer went out of the Counts Chamber without saying a word, and past in solitude the rest of the day. But in the Evening he went to the *Sultaneſs*, where he presently

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ly met *Laura*; who inquiring of *Alexander*, and why he had not brought him with him; would it displease you, said the *Bassa*, if I supplied his place this Evening: that were too great an honour for me, replied *Laura* smiling, but the *Sultaneſs* expects you, and is not very well. The *Bassa* gave her his hand, and would have led her into a private chamber; *Laura* perceiving it, and that he was in good earnest, prayed him to let her go, that her Lady was not well, and he knew well enough ſhe could not endure her being a moment out of her ſight: I, I, replied the *Bassa*, the *Sultaneſs* is ſick, and cannot be a moment without you; but 'tis becauſe 'tis I deſire to paſs that moment with you; had it been *Alexander* you could have ſtayed a little longer...

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longer. The *Bassa* said this with so pleasant a tone, she could not forbear laughing. You know Sir replied she, 'tis another case when you are with the *Sultaneſs*. Besides Sir, added she smiling, one would venture, a little for a Sweet-heart : well well, said he preſſing her to go a long with him, 'tis love hath brought me hither : I Sir, answer'd she, ſtriving to get away from him, and 'tis Love obliges me to avoid the occaſion of being found alone in your company, for though I know you a moſt accompliſhed perſon, you will allow me to tell you, you have not too much reſpect for our Sex, and 'tis very hard truſting you, witneſs your aſſaults laſt night in the Garden. The *Baſſa* made her a thouſand oaths he would keep within the bounds of that reſpect and diſcretion.

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discretion she might expect from the severest vertue, and protested he desired only one quarter of an hours discourse. *Laura*, who knew the violence and obstinacy of his humour when denyed any thing he held reasonable to be granted him, disposed her self to entertain him that quarter of an hour. He reproached her a thousand times for her hardness and cruelty against him, and gave her withall the kindest words and the most tender and passionate expressions imaginable. *Laura*, to defend her self, pleaded her Honour, her Religion, and her duty to the *Sultaneſs* her *Mistress*; three things she would not betray for the world; had you but a little Love for me, said the *Baſſa* with a sigh, you would not find so many reasons for defence. I have my Religion,

as

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as you have yours, and the precepts of it perhaps as severe as yours; but love is stronger than all the precepts, the Laws, the Religions of the World, and those who serve him, worship no other God. As for the *Sultaness*, how are you concerned, that is my business, not yours, and it shall be your fault, if ever she know it. But what do you tell me of Honour?

Surely, 'tis more for your Honour to Love a Man as I am, then to love such a one as *Alexander*: You mistake your self, Sir, answered *Laura*, if you think that in the visits he hath made me, there hath any thing past contrary to my duty: 'Tis not with those of our Nation as with the people of this Country. We may be together, and no body by, yet my Honour secure. I

swear

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swear to you, Sir, *Alexander* never received that favor from me which I could not afford the person for whom I am the least concerned in the World: The *Bassa* interrupted her; what, not in the Garden? neither in the Garden, nor any where else, replied she, had he ever any other advantage then a sight of me, which with us is accounted for nothing: Can you make me believe, answered the *Bassa*, what you say? *Laura* told him, there was nothing more true, and he might rest assured of it: But Sir said she, for your better satisfaction, bring him no more hither, and you shall see whether I make my complaint for it: 'twere pitty, replied the *Bassa*, to destroy so faire a friendship: and I do protest to yon, that were it in my power, I would give

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give you no trouble, but I am not so much Master of my self to gain this point on my heart to be unconcerned in your Love: but since you Love *Alexander* with so much indifference, that you can so easily resolve not to see him more, I have no cause to afflict my self, but rather to hope you may one day Love me perhaps as much as you do him.

After these words the *Bassa* retired, with a heart a little better at ease, then when he came in, but as deeply in Love as before. He gave not an intire and firm credit to what *Laura* had told him of her indifference and small concernment for *Alexander*, but did believe her passion for the Christian not so great as he had imagined, or that their Love had been cooled by some quarrel, for he had observed

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observed on the one side and the other, more indifference than is usually consistent with that passion.

But then reflecting suddenly on himself, may not this be, (said he resuming his jealousy and diffidence,) an effect of their policy? may they not be agreed to deceive me? and being already sufficiently assured of one anothers affections, may they not pretend they have no Love for one another, that they may Love one another with greater security? No, no, adds he, this cannot be, there is no hiding of Love, it will appear if not smothered to death: she Loves not *Alexander* at all, or Loves him but indifferently; thus he the more easily perswaded himself to be so, in that he did most passionately desire it might be so:
and

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and thence-forward his passion increased so fast, it became greater then ever: hope being a passion that more then any other foments that of Love, easily promises it self happy events, and flatters it self with expectation of good fortune and success.

Laura gave the *Sultaneſs* an accompt of all the pleasant discourse; and the *Sultaneſs* could have wished, *Laura* had not been altogether so severe to the *Baſa*, but a little more kind and complaisant without which she thought, they could not see *Alexander* so often as she desired.

Laura on the contrary told her, that to have been complaisant, would have spoyld all, for that the *Baſa* would then have entertained some hopes of favour from her, and so become more

Amorous

Amorous then before, and consequently more jealous of his supposed Rival then ever: what shall I do then, said the poor *Sultaneſs*, who can do nothing but fear, and cannot expect any thing but croſſes & misfortunes? *Laura* told her, things were not in ſo desperate a condition, that ſhe need trouble her ſelf for it, for the *Baſſa* had promiſed to ſend *Alexander* on the morrow, and that they would conſider with him how to order their buſineſs.

The Count did not know that the *Baſſa* had been with the *Sultaneſs*; but having not heard from him that day, he went on the morrow to wait on him at his riſing. He found him a bed, ſo dejected and Melancholly, that he might by his countenance eaſily diſcover the

the heaviness of his heart. Yet he received him with that air of kindness and friendship might well assure the Count, he was not displeased with him: the *Bassa* was silent a while, and then looking on the Count with an air of friendship and confidence; *Alexander*, said he, I am the most unfortunate of men, especially, in Love. *Laura*, added he, sighing, the cruel *Laura* hath not the least tenderness for me. No, not the least pity for the torments she sees me suffer for her. And unless you will be a little kind to me I know not what will become of me. Ah Sir answered the Count, let me, but know what you desire of me, and what I can do for you: you know it is not in my power to dispose of others hearts, but if I may contribute
to

to your satisfaction, if you would have speak to her if ——— How happy should I be, said the *Bassa* interrupting him, would you do what you can. Sir, replied the Count, if it depend upon me, you may promise your self success. The *Bassa* held his peace for a little time as if he studied what to say; but *Alexander* pressing him to declare himself, he told him with some trouble, that he should appoint an assignation with *Laura* in a chamber in the apartment of the *Sultaneſs*, where the *Bassa* might meet her in his stead, the proposall was so unworthy and unfit for *Alexander* to consent to, that it astonisht him on the suddain so extremely, that having blusht at it very much, he knew not what answer to make. The *Bassa* observed the disorder

order he was in, and was more out of countenance at it then the Count; but for fear he should interpret it otherwise then intended, and taking his blushing for no very good Omen, he told him, (to be rid of him,) that he might go think of it, and that if he gave him any answer, it should be a favourable one.

The Count went out of the Chamber and made a thousand reflections on his illfortune which had reduced him to the extremity of making him serve such a person not, but that he was fully perswaded, *Laura* would not come; and that he should be little concerned, though she should entertain the motion, and favour the passion of his Amorous Patron; But besides the baseness of the imployment he put him upon, he was mad to think

think he took him for such a Villain, that Loving a Maid, as the *Bassa* believed he did *Laura*, could betray her so basely. This was the only thing troubled him, nor would he have done it though he dyed for it.

The *Bassa* having seen him leave his Chamber in that manner, thought there was small hope of effecting his design that way; yet being a person of great reason and worth, he was so far from thinking the worse of the Count, or being offended with him on this occasion, that he esteemed of him the better, and considered of other meanes to gain satisfaction to his love in the enjoyment of *Laura*. His passion was now arrived at a height beyond the power of reason to manage, and capable to put him on any enterprize
blo whatever.

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whatever. The most vertuous of men when changed into a desperate Lover, become the most furious and extravagant of all; being so much more sensible of slights put upon him, as he conceives himself a person of merit.

This transported Lover having failed of his design to make *Alexander* of his party, to serve his ends in a proposall that included treachery, resolved to deceive *Laura* himself, by going to see her that night disguised as an *Eunuch*. The design was not very well laid, but it took, as shall appear by the sequel. He had not the patience to stay till his ordinary hour of going to the *Sultaneſs*; but as soon as 'twas night he went away disguised like an *Eunuch*, and came to the apartment, where he found one
old

old *Moor* at the gate, who not taking so much notice of him as to know him, he sent her to *Laura*, to tell her that an *Eunuch* of her acquaintance desired to speak with her in the Chamber of repose; so called because it was retired, and far from noise, and the place where they used to take some hours rest after dinner in Summer. He made choice of this Chamber as the most proper for his design; and the old Woman was no sooner gone about her message, but he went to hide him there. *Laura* was then busy, and the *Sultaneſs* having casually met the old Woman in search of *Laura*, asked her what she would have with her: the old Woman having had no order to keep private her business, told her freely, there was an *Eunuch* desired

H to

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to speak with her in the chamber of repose. The *Sultaneſs* hearing of an *Eunuch* who would speak with *Laura*, made no question, at all but *Alexander* was the Man, And without further inquiry what kind of Man the *Eunuch* was, or any other consideration, ſhe takes *Laura's* *Barnes* and goes to the place of affignation; had ſhe made the the leaſt reflection on the meſſage, ſhe could not have been ſo deceived, nor have expoſed her ſelf ſo eaſily to the danger ſhe went into. It was not the cuſtom of her Gallant to uſe her thus, or to ſee her any where but in the *Alcove*-chamber, he ſcarce knew the name of the chamber where ſhe was told, he ſtaid for *Laura*: and knowing, what ſhe did of the *Baſſa*, ſhe had reaſon to miſtruſt him. But thoſe

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those who are in Love as the *Sultaneſs* was, are subject to greater over-sights then these. She knew that *Alexander* was not to see her but by night, yet she waited for him from the first moment she awoke in the morning; and in this Amorous expectation, which tantalized her extremely, and kept her in a mortall inquietude whether he came or came not, there needed no help to hurry her away when the time drew near: Women who have been in Love will, easily confess there is nothing so hard as to be prudent on such occasions, and that the name of their Gallant when expected, hath made them start up for joy and run to meet him ere they knew whether he were come.

The passionate *Sultaneſs* having given up her self to be led

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blind-fold, where she thought Love waited for her, borrowed wings of that God to carry her the sooner into that chamber; There was not any light there, but this did not surprize her, it being not usual to place any in that Chamber. [She pleased her self with the fancy of putting a Love-trick on *Alexander*, by making him take her once more for *Laura*, this made her resolve to be silent a while, as she had been in the Garden, and to divert her self that way. But as she was entring she was taken with a shivering all over, & such a sudden fear, that she was on the point of going back again. But the Gallant who waited for her, having taken her by the hand, she began to recollect her self, and went along with him where he pleas'd: he led her away to the
further

further end of the Chamber, where he was so loath to loose time for making use of the occasion, that embracing her with some transport, though trembling withall, he had almost put it out of her power to defend her self. The *Sultaneſs* thinking this action too violent to be *Alexanders*, began to mistrust; and having given him his Liberty till then she did the utmost in her power to resist him, and knew, though a little too late, that she was abused and that this Man had neither the shape, nor the stature, nor face of her *Alexander*, and that it must be the *Baſſa*, which some marks she knew about him soon put out of question. She changed her method, and stood upon her guard. The resistance she made after the kindness she exprest at

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the first, was observed by the Gallant, and made him perceive that the cheat was discovered, and no hopes of hiding himself. So that without further dallying he made his last efforts, and rendered those of the *Sultaneſs* so useless, that he obtained his design. This transported lover was happy at least in conceit, which sufficiently proves the power of imagination, and that our greatest pleasures proceed from it. I am sure, there is no unfortunate lover but may envy his mistake, and that chance could not put a greater obligation on any man, then this on the *Bassa*: His passion thus satisfied, he withdrew, without saying a word, and the Lady made all the haste she could to her chamber, for fear the passionate *Bassa* should renew the assault.

Laura

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Laura who had been much troubled at missing of her, was no less amazed to see her come in the condition she was in, which made her throw her self on the bed; where half weeping, half laughing, she told her the story of the adventure: At which *Laura* did nothing but laugh, expecting very pleasant conclusions from so comicall beginnings.

The Count had been at the *Bassa's* in the Evening, and not finding him within, came on the Morrow to acquaint him with the resolution he had taken on the proposal: As he entred the apartment, he was told that the *Bassa* had been ill that night, and had not slept at all, and that he had forbidden any entrance into his Chamber. But the *Count* having more priviledge then o-

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thers, they let him pass, and he found him abed, and writing with so sad a miene, and so dejected a countenance, that the Count presently concluded he had had a very ill night; seeing *Alexander* on the sudden, he colored a little; but the Count laying one knee to the ground, I come, Sir, said he, to beg one favour more of you: You are the principal Author of all the Love I am engaged in, it is my misfortune that you feel the same passion. Accept, I beseech you, the sacrifice I make you Sir, I will never Love, and if you will have it so, I will never see *Laura* more. Bless me! cried the *Bassa*, what Lovers are these! is it possible that two persons who began to Love one another with so tender affection can part with such ease? and that

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that I, who am not beloved, cannot bring my self to this: speak *Alexander*, and tell me whether it proceeds from any distast you have taken, or that you do it for my sake. No Sir, answered the Count, *Laura* is this day as amiable in my eyes as the first day I saw her; but rather then see you in the condition I find you in, I will not spare the doing my self any violence I am capable of; and for your quiet and my own, I heartily wish I never had seen her: This example is so rare, replied the *Bassa*, that nothing less then the esteem I have for you, can make it credible. in the mean time this Billet will let you see that I have not staid for you to set me a President, but that I know in my turn how to give Presidents for others to

H 5 imitate,

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imitate but not to outdo. It is written to *Laura*, read it: And there it will appear to you that if I have done you wrong, I know how to punish my self for it. I should be heartily sorry, so virtuous and excellent a person as you, should part from us with an ill opinion of me: The Count extremely surprized at this discourse, not comprehending the reason of it, after an answer full of respect and acknowledgement to his dear Patron, took the billet and there read these words:

If all the passion Man can have for a Woman is not capable to justify the crime I committed against you, you ought to pardon me at least having suffered in one night all the torments and afflictions of a cruel repentance, which yet fills my soul with grief, and confusion.

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sion. And if by giving you and your Lover your Liberty I may in some measure make amends for my faults, you may make you ready for your voyage, for to morrow Morning you shall go both together. Farewell, and think of the violence I did my self in forcing from my bosom two persons, whom of all I ever saw, I loved most intirely, and then you will find me not altogether unworthy of pardon.

The Count was so confounded at reading the billet, as never was man, and had much ado to hide the disorder it put him in; he kneeled the second time, as it were to give the *Bassa* thanks for this last favour, which before his engagement in Love with the *Sultaneſs*, had been the greatest he could have done him, but now after his passion, it was certainly the greatest misfortune could

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could be fall him. He was willing by this action to hide from the *Bassa* the trouble he was in. But the *Bassa* took him up, and told him, he could not see him in that posture, for a business where he had more cause to complain of him, then to thank him, that he should know at leasure the whole matter from *Laura*, and that in the meantime he had nothing to do but prepare for his voyage; that he had given order to stay a christian Vessel, which should have gone off that very day for *Italy*, and should Land them at *Legorne*, that the weather was faire, and that without fail, he should Embark with *Laura* on the morrow, for all which he gave him his word.

The Count having taken leave of the *Bassa*, went out of the

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the chamber with a heart so full of trouble and affliction, for the newes he had received, that he wanted a more proper place to comfort himself, and to vent his thoughts of the resolution the *Bassa* had taken to give him his Liberty and to send *Laura* with him. He knew not what might have obliged him to a resolution of this nature, though upon reading the billet, he did imagine, the *Bassa* had committed some outrage on *Laura*; but this was not the thing troubled him; it was the *Sultaneſs*, from whom he must part, and must bid her adieu for ever: to part with a woman one Loved so tenderly, to part with her for ever, & to part with her in the height of his passion sounds very harsh, & where is the lover could take such a resolution for any reason what ever? Yet
Liberty,

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Liberty which to a man who knows what 'tis to be a Slave, to a Man of *Alexanders* quality, is a thing so attractive; to return to his Country after eight or nine Months absence; the pleasure of *Rome*, and the consideration that if he lost this opportunity, he might perhaps never have such another; all this, I say, made such a party, that the most beautiful, & most charming lady in the World, could not have hindred many excellent persons from quitting hers to take it. But true Love which values nothing above its own satisfaction, slights a liberty to be bought with too many tears: yet in this conjuncture, it was almost impossible for *Alexander* to refuse this cruel liberty, being all he could in appearance desire, and bestowed on him by the *Bassa*,
with

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with a *Mistress*, with whom he believed him passionately in love; what reason could he find to refuse such a present, which had cost the *Bassa* so dear, and ought to be the most acceptable to him? He despaired to find any, and saw cleerly there was a necessity of parting, unless love, favourable to lovers in extremity, would come to his aid, and make the *Bassa* alter his resolution as they commonly do who take any against Love never did. Slave pay more vows to be delivered from his chain, then he did for the continuance of his captivity, choosing rather to be a Slave the rest of his life, then to be for ever removed to such a distance from that which he loved a thousand times more then his Liberty.

The *Bassa* having passed some
hours

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hours after in his bed, to muse upon the resolution he had taken, which he adhered to, though it made his heart ake, called for his *Aga*, and gave him orders for the departure of the two Christians, causing store of provisions, and very rich presents to be carried on board the Vessel; this done he sent his chief *Eunuch* to the *Sultaneſs* his wife, to intreat her to give *Laura* her Liberty, whom he was minded to send home to her Country, together with *Alexander*, for reasons of importance to her, as of necessity for him, and for the ease and repose of one and the other: having given these orders and the same time sent the letter he had written to *Laura*, he took Horse for *Bardon*, one of his houses of pleasure, a mile from the Town, and staid there
till

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till midnight, having all that time walked alone in the Gardens, to wean himself from the sight and company of *Alexander*; and the pleasure he took in *Laura's* discourse.

That night the *Bassa* could not sleep, and in the Morning his *Aga* being come to bring him an answer from the *Sultaneſs*, as to his request for giving *Laura* her Liberty; he went presently to carry it to *Alexander*, whom he found in appearance ready to be gone, but in truth never less disposed, but hoping every moment some change of resolution in the *Bassa*. Ah, *Alexander*, said he, we must part, but I know not how we shall: for the *Sultaneſs* who Loves *Laura* with the same affection I do you, notwithstanding my representing to her how much she was concerned

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concerned in interest to have us part, and to desire it as much as I, cannot resolve upon it, but hath sent me word this Morning she will sooner loose her life then her *Laura*. You must go see *Laura*, and tell her, 'twill be her fault if she be not free, and go along with you, for as for me, what I have promised I will perform. In the mean time I will give order that the Vessel be staid longer, that it may not sail without you. Sir, answered *Alexander*, there are frequent opportunities of transportation, and when you have given some longer time to satisfy the *Sultanness*, and dispose her to grant *Laura* this favour, our obligation then will not be less for our Liberty you are now pleased to grant us: *Alexander*, replied the *Bassa*, resolutions like that I have

have now taken in your favour, go so much against the grain of a heart affected as mine, that delayes may be dangerous, and time may make them falter, make use of the good motions reason and equity have inspired into me. I do not tell you my thoughts are unalterable. The spite I have against my heart for its weakness, the outrage I did *Laura* yesterday, my shame to appear before her after it, and the small hopes I have of gaining her Love, are the true causes of your good fortune: All this is yet fresh in my mind: stay not till time deface these impressions, there being nothing men are apt so soon to forget, as the injuries they had done to others.

As they were discourfing together, a huge Moor who served
as

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as Purveyor for the *Count*, and brought him every Morning his provision from the *Seraglio*, came on the suddain into the chamber with a great basket on his head, not thinking (without doubt) of the *Bassa's* being there. The Moor started at the sight of him, would have gone back; but the *Bassa* with his hand made signs for him to stay: he obeyed and laid the basket on the ground, which appeared very heavy, and so he withdrew; the *Bassa*, of pure curiosity to see what they had sent *Alexander* to eat, bid a Moor, who waited in the room, take up the basket; which he did, and found the provision to be a Woman very pleasantly tucked up and muffled in her *Barnus*, that she might not be known. But being in the habit of a Christian (which the

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the *Bassa* and *Alexander* had formerly seen *Laura* in,) they made no doubt but it was she. The *Bassa* at first was very much surprized, but then fell a laughing and said to the *Count*, the invention is rare, and that she had far more wit then the Women of that Country; but this is a product of Love the Father of inventions. However, 'tis certain nothing could have been done more proper for our design : but shall not we see, said he, all your provision? *Madam*, you are here between the two best friends you have in the World, and you have no reason to be shie of shewing your self; having said this, he drew neer to the Lady, and would have taken her by the arm to help her to rise, but she refused and thrust him back. I see *Madam*, said he

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he, you have not yet granted me the pardon I begged of you. I confess, the offence was too great to be so quickly forgiven; but you are taking your leave, and it is not fit we should part without being friends; for it would be a perpetuall grief to me to see you leave this Country with hatred in your heart. Deny not this favour, (added he reaching forth his hand) to a man reduced to despair for having offended you, and punishing himself so severely for the fault, that there is no need of this extreme cruelty from you. But all he spoke was in vain, for she hid her self more closely and fortifi'd her self in the basket to prevent being seen. The *Bassa* was unwilling to press her any further, but addressing himself to *Alexander*, told him, it was

was his part to make peace, and to prevail with *Laura* to let him see her once more being the last time: The Count took it ill that she made so shie of shewing her self to a person to whom she was too much obliged, to deny him his request in such a conjuncture, what cause soever she might have had of quarrel against him. Besides, he was particularly concerned to press her to shew her self; for the last refuge he had was his hope that the *Bassa's* tenderness for her, would perhaps at the moment of parting take fire afresh, and make him change his resolution; with these thoughts he went to her, and gave her all the reasons he could invent to be reconciled to the *Bassa*, and let him see her a moment; but all to no purpose: He had not one word

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word of answer, which angered him so, that having taken her twice or thrice by the arm to make her rise, he was just going, to force up her *Barnes* and threatned to do it: but the *Bassa* would not suffer it, bidding him force her no further, that she had cause enough to complain without doing her new violence for Love of him. But, sayes he, let us make use of the time, and since she is brought hither to our hands, and you have no more to do but embark, let us finish what we have begun, and perform what we have undertaken, there never can be a fairer opportunity: and I cannot think that *Laura* will be sorry to leave such a Country as this, or part with us to go along with you. The *Sultaneſs* in all probability is yet a sleep, let us
not

not stay till she awake. We
must presently carry *Laura* (as
she is in the basket) into the
ship, you shall bear her company,
and as soon as you arrive, you
shall hoysse sail, and away; as
for me I will pass the rest of the
day at *Burdou*, and give out
such orders as may be necessary,
that in case the *Sultaneſs* miſs
Laura, and find she is escaped,
you may not be ſtaid. Having
ſaid, this he ſent a Moor to the
Port with order to have a Shal-
lop in readineſs to carry *Laura*
and *Alexander* aboard the
Chriſtian Veſſell ryding at *Gou-
letta*. This done, he ſent for the
Captain of his guards, & bid him
accompany the Count, and com-
mend the care of that Basket to
the Moors who were to carry it
along. Having given theſe orders
he had no more to do, but bid

E

his,

his dear *Alexander* adieu; and having embraced him with tears in his eyes, he bore him company to the Shallop, and from thence went to *Bardon* with a heart full of grief: The poor Count was more to be pittied. He was not much concerned to express how sorry he was to part with the *Bessa*; but as for the *Sultanesse* whom he could have wished to have seen once more at least, his trouble to leave her was so great, that he felt not the grief he should have shewed when he bid the *Bassa* adieu who had so highly obliged him. When he saw he must part and no hopes of seeing her, his heart was so full he could not speak a word. The tears ran down his cheeks, which much moved the good *Bassa*, who thought they were shed for him, and was
not

not displeased to see himself
outdone by a Man who was not
ingrateful, and cordially loved
him: at last he saw him Em-
barqued, and bid him the last
adieu: the afflicted Count was
oppressed with grief, that from
the Haven to *Gouletta*, having
given his heart a little more Li-
berty then he durst have done
in presence of the *Bassa*, he let
fall such lamentable expressions,
looking towards the Town, that
the captain of the guard, and the
rest that accompanied him, were
extremely astonished, and moved
to compassion. By good luck
they understood not *Italian*, but
his gestures, his tears, his looks,
and the colour of his counte-
nance expressed an unparallel'd
trouble and affliction.

He no sooner got aboard the
Ship, but he threw himself on a

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bed, and was so much beside himself, that he did not as much as think of his Basket; but the Captain of the guard had eased him of that care, and caused it to be carried into his Cabbin; after which he took leave of him, and having commanded the Captain of the Vessel to hoist up his sailes, he went into the Shallop and returned to *Tunis*: then was it, that *Alexander* finding himself alone in his Cabbin, abandoned himself to the torment of his grief. Ah fate, said he, unjust fate what have I done? that you use me so cruelty, that you force me away from a person without whom I cannot live. Ah my *Sultanesse*, dear *Sultanesse*, must I leave you, must I absent my self from you for ever? for ever said he again rising up; Ah Havens! let me rather be set ashore, I shall

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shall find pretence enough with
the *Basha*: let me rather trust
love then fortune, she hath be-
sayd me: whatever happen, I
must die, and I had rather die at
her feet whom I love then at this
cruel distance. Having said this
he went to see if they were still
at anckor, but found they were
already a great way from land,
and sayling with a favourable
wind had almost lost sight of
Gouletta. What despair was he
in! Ah my heart, said he, there
is no remedy, now I must perish.
Dear *Saltaness*, added he, taking
his sword in his hand see whe-
ther I am guilty of this absence,
and receive the sacrifice I make
you of my life; with that he drew
his sword, and was going to
thrust himself through, when on
the suddain the person in the
Basket, who had thus farr heark-

L. 3. ned.

ned to all he had said, threw her
 self upon him to prevent further
 mischief. Let me alone to finish
 a life which cannot but be un-
 happy at this distance from all
 that I Love: Ah dear *Alexander*
 answered the Lady embracing
 him with all tenderness, her joy
 not permitting her to say any
 more. The Count finding im-
 mediately (notwithstanding the
 trouble and transport he was in,)
 some difference between this
 voyce and *Laura's*, looked be-
 hind him on the Lady who held
 him in her arms: but what an
 astonishment, what a charming
 surprize was it for a heart like
 his, and in the condition he was
 in, to see that it was the *Sultanesse*
 her self.

FINIS.

Handwritten text in a script, likely Devanagari, visible along the left edge of the page. The text is partially obscured by the binding and appears to be a marginal note or a list of items.